

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIV
Old Series

MARCH, 1899

No. 861

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By G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. LONDON

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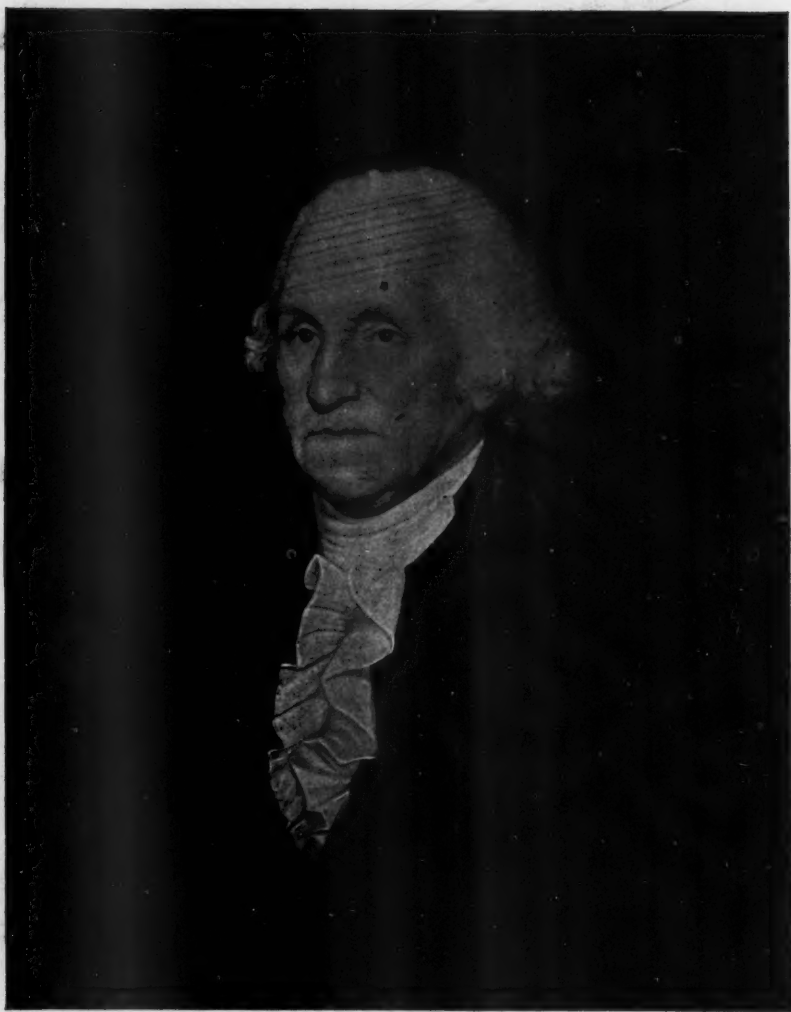


Photo. for THE CRITIC by W. A. Cooper.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Painted from life, by Rembrandt Peale, Sept., 1795, and never before published. Copyright by the owner, G. L. Sanderson, 1899.

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The Lounger

COUNT TOLSTOI'S new novel will appear in this country and Europe on the 25th of the present month. He has been at work upon it for several years. I believe that he has listened to the advice of his friends and allowed this volume to be protected by copyright.

Mr. John Davidson, the author of "The Ballad of the Nun," is writing a play in blank verse for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mrs. Craigie is writing a new play for Mr. Alexander. Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, who made the clever dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" for Mrs. Fiske, is now engaged in making a play out of Dr. Weir Mitchell's popular story, "Hugh Wynne," which will be produced under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co. There is no more cheerful sound to be heard now on either side of the ocean than the scratching of the playwright's busy pen.

M. Jusserand, a French diplomatist, who is a very learned Shakespearean critic, and has just been appointed French Minister to Copenhagen, will shortly issue through Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons an English edition of his "Shakespeare in France under the Old Régime." It will contain sixty plates of unique interest; for example, old prints of scenery with which "The Winter's Tale" was performed in the early part of the seventeenth century. When Consul-General at London in 1878, and again in 1887 as a member of the French Embassy at Albert Gate, M. Jusserand devoted himself to the study of English dramatic literature. His knowledge of the subject induced him to write several works, which have been greatly appreciated in England, France, and America. "England in the Fourteenth Century" was crowned by the French Academy, and he earned great distinction from the publication of "The English Theatre from the Conquest to the Immediate Predecessors of Shakespeare."

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, who has accepted the "call" of Plymouth Church, is barely forty years of age. He is a writer as well as a preacher, being the author of a number of books that are published by the Fleming H. Revell Co. Dr. Hillis is of a distinctly



By courtesy of

Messrs. Fleming H. Revell Co.

*Yours Truly
Newell Dwight Hillis*

American type. He "worked his way" through college, it is said, and by manual labor, but then work comes natural to him, for he is tireless in following out the line of his pastoral duties. Without being sensational, he is striking in his utterances, and nothing that he says loses from the way he says it.

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Peace must have been declared between Mr. Whistler and his publishers, for I see that "The Baronet and the Butterfly" is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Heinemann in London and Mr. Russell in New York. The portrait of Mr. Whistler here given is from an

etching from the portrait of himself owned by Mr. S. P. Avery, which was exhibited at the portrait show. Mr. Whistler is very anxious to



Etched by H. Guérard

Courtesy of S. P. Avery, Esq.

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER BY HIMSELF

possess this portrait, but Mr. Avery prefers to keep it. There is very little of the Whistler of the gray lock and the cloak in this picture; indeed, I can see very little likeness in it at all.

24

"*A propos* of Mr. Alden's estimate of 'Aurora Leigh,' " writes C. P., "I suggest a comparison with H. Taine's, in 'Notes sur l'Angleterre,' p. 361, ed. 1872, beginning, 'œuvre étrange qui est un chef-d'œuvre, encore n'ai-je pas de place pour dire combien, après vingt lectures, il me paraît beau.'" The same correspondent, *à propos* of "A Bunch of Portraits," February CRITIC, writes: "After the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen, a medallion was executed representing a funeral urn, overhung by a weeping willow; the mouldings of the base of the urn giving the features of the royal victims. An engraving of this is to be found in J. Grand-Carteret's 'Caricature en France,' p. 55."



Courtesy of

MISS ELIZABETH BARRETT IN 1845



Harper & Brothers

ROBERT BROWNING IN 1845

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will issue in the early fall a biography of the late Kate Field, by Miss Lilian Whiting. Miss Field's varied life seems to have been a veritable romance of destiny. It was full of unique experiences, of rich and varied association, of warm friendships and wide acquaintance. Her vehement, brilliant personality lends itself to a new interpretation in the literature of biography. Especially interesting are the Florentine chapters. When a girl of eighteen, Kate Field was sent to Florence to study music—the art that was the absorbing passion of her life, though, from force of circumstances, she turned to expression through other forms. Miss Field was a constant and privileged visitor at Casa Guido, the home of the Brownings. Landor taught her Latin and wrote verses to her; and George Eliot met the young girl with wise counsel and encouragement. Miss Whiting has abundant material for her book from letters and journals, and she believes that Miss Field's self-revelations will surprise even her intimate friends.

24

The Introduction which Mr. W. E. H. Lecky has written for the new edition of his "Democracy and Liberty" (Longmans) covers sixty pages, and is an important contribution to the work. It is entirely "up to date," as it touches upon the recent war with Spain as well as the death of Gladstone. While Mr. Lecky admits that there may be some difference of opinion about the "justice and necessity" of the war, there can be "no question" that it has furnished another "conspicuous proof not only of the energy and resource, but also of the moderation, self-restraint, and humanity of the American people." Mr. Lecky's review of Gladstone's career and his estimate of the character of the man form a notable biography.

The London *Speaker*, which by the way is a Liberal organ, does not like the tone of Mr. Lecky's remarks about Mr. Gladstone. It calls his Introduction an "unsympathetic misconception," and wonders

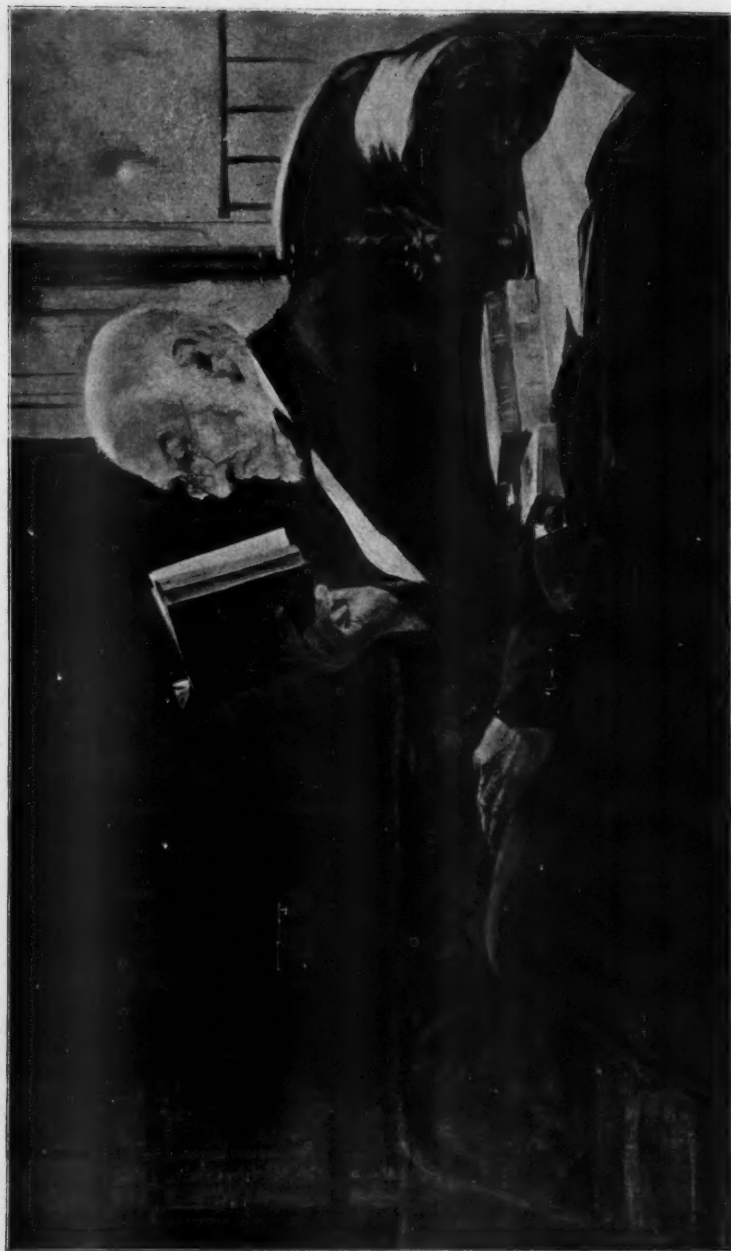


From English Portraits

MR. W. E. H. LECKY

Will Rothenstein

that he can so far forget his own changes of heart as to upbraid Mr. Gladstone for the same thing. Mr. Lecky, says the *Speaker*, "who began life as an ardent Liberal, is now a gloomy and hopeless Con-



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RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

Painted from life by Mr. John McClure Hamilton for the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.
Reproduced by permission of the Secretary, Mr. Harrison Morris, and never before printed

Photo. by London Art Publishers

servative." It scorns his assumption of political knowledge. "Politics with Mr. Lecky," it adds, "are, first inexperience, and secondly nerves." The writer of this article also objects to the historian's remarks about Mr. Gladstone's features, and the comparison of his eyes to those of a bird of prey. This comparison is not a new one by any means. It was one frequently employed by the caricaturists. Nevertheless, there is nothing vindictive in Mr. Lecky's Introduction, though it is not all praise of the dead statesman. Perhaps it will be considered truer fifty years hence than it is to-day.



It is reported that Mr. John Morley will be paid \$50,000 for writing the "Life of Gladstone." This is a large sum, but it is what The Century Company paid Messrs. Hay and Nicolay for the serial right in their life of Lincoln. For the book rights they paid another large sum.



Lord Iveagh, who has recently given \$1,200,000 to the Jenner Institute, and who at the same time announced that he would spend as much more in rebuilding the worst districts of Dublin, has already spent \$1,500,000 in remodelling the habitations of the London poor. He has just turned fifty and is described as "a very hospitable, very modest, good-looking and popular man." It is hardly necessary to add that he is very rich.



The Academy in a recent number is very much entertained because I took its parody on Mr. Bernard Shaw's vegetarianism as a true bill (of fare). The joke, it seems to me, is on Mr. Shaw. The parody rang so true that I never suspected it. Perhaps I might have, had I seen it in *The Academy*, but I came across it quoted in another journal.



Vanity Fair

LORD IVEAGH



Photo. by Reutlinger

Paris

Mlle. MARCHESI

Mlle. Blanche Marchesi enjoys the very enviable privilege of being the daughter of her mother. If she did not know how to sing it would be strange.

22

Mr. Bram Stoker arrived in New York on the 11th of last month to spend a fortnight here in preparing for Sir Henry Irving's and Miss Terry's visit in the coming autumn. These distinguished actors will appear in Sardou's new play, "Robespierre." The translation of the play is being made by Mr. Lawrence Irving, under the supervision of the author. Mr. Stoker reports that Sir Henry's health has been completely restored, and that he is looking forward to his American tour with much pleasure. Sir Henry may be sure of a warm welcome, for nowhere are his talents more cordially appreciated than in this country, notwithstanding his late honors at the hands of a Scotch university. Miss Terry, also, will be welcome, and we shall be doubly glad to welcome her amid her old surroundings.

Mr. Charles George Douglas Roberts, whose portrait I take pleasure in presenting, has added much to his reputation by his three latest books. He is still a young man, having been born in 1860 at New Brunswick, N. S. He has been a college professor and a soldier and is a prose writer



Photo. by H. G. Rogers.

MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

and a poet. He loves out-of-doors, and knows wild animals and birds. He used to be a crack shot, but no longer enjoys killing for sport. At the present time Mr. Roberts is living in New York, which after all does seem to be our literary centre.



"The Lanthorn Book," being a small collection of tales and verses read at "The Sign o' the Lanthorn" by members of the Lanthorn Club, contains specimens of the wit and wisdom of Mr. Stephen Crane, Mr. John Langdon Heaton, Mr. Irving Bacheller, and other shining lanthorns of our time. As a privately printed limited edition, it is magnificent in rough edges, large margins, and blank pages.

It is a pity that more managers do not follow Mr. Daniel Frohman's example and give as appropriate and valuable souvenirs as the one he gave to celebrate the 100th performance of that delightful play "Trelawny of the Wells," at the Lyceum Theatre. I should feel rather ridiculous carrying home as a hundredth - performance trophy a plush-covered brush-and-comb box; or a silver-gilt alarm-clock, but a beautifully printed edition of the play, with reproductions of its principal scenes, is quite another thing. The edition of "Trelawny" that Mr. Russell has made is a souvenir indeed and one well worth having and keeping, from the portrait in color of Miss Mannering at the front to the silhouette on the back cover.



Photo. by Elliott & Fry

London

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE

grow again. For a well-considered estimate of Mr. Cable's work see page 250.

By the time this paragraph appears in print Mr. William Heine-mann, the well-known London publisher, will have been married for about a week to the young Italian who writes over the name of Kassandra Vivaria. Her real name is Magda Stuart Sindice. Her best-known book, "Via Lucis," has been reviewed at length in these columns.

Mr. A. B. Wakeley says in the columns of the London *Daily Chronicle* that Mr. George Moore has no sense of humor because he "solemnly prints" the history of a rejected manuscript, Mr. Edward Martyn's play, "The Heather Field," by way of introduction to that drama. It did not want this to prove Mr. Moore's lack of the saving sense. His portrait by Monet did that long ago.

These interesting facts about an interesting man are sent me from Chicago by Miss Clara E. Laughlin:

Mr. Finley Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) is the object of no little solicitous interest on the part of editors and publishers, these days, but "Pete" Dunne has been a person of no little interest to Chicago newspaperdom these many years—though he's but a young man yet, even as we reckon young celebrities. He has "been on" nearly if not quite every paper in Chicago, and done every kind of newspaper work from

police reporting to political "leaders," from sporting "write-ups" to the manifold and various duties of a managing editor, which latter office he now holds with the Chicago *Journal*, an evening paper. He was always good at a "story," and years ago when it was his delightful assignment to go out to the baseball grounds and make a report of the game, Dunne would "turn in" a racy bit of humor, instead of a conventional amplification of the score, and that he was

allowed to do this, and to continue to do it, is proof sufficient that it was "good stuff," so good that even the baseball cranks relished Dunne's dramatic elaboration of some comic incident or feature, even to the slighting of the battle's details. Well, in those days newspaper men, especially those on the *Tribune*, did a good deal of "rallying" in the saloon of one James McGarry. It was next door to the *Tribune* office and the "boys" considered it a part of the newspaper premises. Many a bit of "copy" was frantically scribbled off on McGarry's bar, and what "mine host" did not know, or believe he knew, of prominent men and prominent events was not worth knowing. He was a "philosopher," which may not be the same thing as a philosopher, but passes



Photo. by Thorn

Chicago

MR. F. P. DUNNE ("MR. DOOLEY")

for the same with many persons, and his rich, rolling brogue, his deliberate manner, and his willingness to deliver his opinions for the benefit of his patrons, made him the hero of many a funny story in newspaper row. It was when Jay Gould died, and McGarry read the account of his funeral, that Pete Dunne happened to be by when the oracle delivered himself of remarks so deliciously humorous that Mr. Dunne, on returning to his desk in the *Post* city room, and finding himself possessed of a little leisure, wrote out the Irishman's observations, and, rather amused with the result, "turned in" the "stuff," which was accepted and published forthwith. The substitution of an N for a G in the name of Mr. Dunne's philosopher made but a thin disguise, so unmistakable was the portrait of McGarry, and of course the "boys" twitted him about it. Meanwhile, the McNarry "story" had met with interested readers, and Mr. Dunne, being a thoroughly capable "interviewer," found it possible to write another without the necessity of bothering the irritated original for a fresh deliverance of opinion. The more "fictitious" the papers became, the more irate became McGarry, until, discretion being the better part of valor, and the editor having been appealed to by the offended saloon-keeper, Mr. Dunne changed the name of his philosopher to "Mr. Dooley," and proceeded without debt of any sort to Mr. McGarry.



When the war broke out there came a rich crop of topics, and when Mr. Dooley's "Cousin George" took Manila, and Mr. Dooley expressed his opinion of "same," the little "squibs" of a busy reporter and editorial writer jumped forthwith from a local celebrity to a widespread fame, and more than one hundred papers the country over "copied," or reprinted, the Dewey story, and Dewey himself sent the author word that he enjoyed it most of all that was written about him. From thence the Dooley war articles have been far from the least famous of the time, but so little did their writer think of them, more than of his other regular "copy," that he did not even preserve the papers containing them, and when publishers began to make offers to him for the book rights of "Mr. Dooley," and he finally consented to collect the little papers as best he could, it was an admirer of Mr. Dooley, unknown to Mr. Dooley's author but known to some of his friends, who came forward with a complete file, or nearly complete, and made the book possible. It has been a pronounced success, from more than one point of view, and publishers are making flattering offers to Mr. Dunne looking toward more ambitious portrayal of Irish-American life. Mr. Dunne's wit is inevitable; it is his birthright. The Irish people he knows well, though he has never been in "ould Ireland." The dialect of Mr. Dooley, it may interest some to know, is the dialect of County Roscommon, and natives of that county have enthusiastically approved its accuracy.

A great many people visited the gallery of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co. while the etchings of Mr. Anders L. Zorn were on exhibition there. Mr. Zorn's etchings, of which the Verlaine is a good example, are as strong



Etched by Zorn

Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

PAUL VERLAINE

and characteristic as his paintings. I am very glad to hear that he is painting a portrait of ex-President Cleveland, of whom no thoroughly satisfactory likeness exists.



Mr. Herbert Spencer denies the "pure and undiluted materialism" attributed to him by Mr. Crozier in his book "My Inner Life." Mr. Spencer says with much feeling:

"It is not a trivial matter thus to give a false characterization to the whole of a thinker's works. Many readers must inevitably be turned away from them; many others must take them up with a prejudice which prevents unbiased perusal; and those who are already antagonists are furnished with a newly sharpened weapon with which to renew their attacks. For the charge of materialism, false as it is, is a weapon which, however often knocked out of the hand of an assailant, is presently picked up by another and used again."

These sketches by Thackeray were made while he was still a school-boy at Charterhouse. They are not valuable as works of art, but they



W. M. THACKERAY

From an unpublished photograph taken by Gurney in New York

are interesting because they were made by him. The photograph was taken by Gurney when Thackeray was in New York, probably in 1855. How I should like to have a photograph of Thackeray as photographs are made to-day! How Mr. Cox or Mr. Hollinger would have revelled in that lion-like head!

I am surprised to find this reference in *Literature*, published by Messrs. Harper, to the Biographical edition of Thackeray's novels, published by the same firm:

"Mrs. Ritchie's introductions satisfied a legitimate public curiosity in what was perhaps the most legitimate and feasible way. But, as a rule, such piecemeal biographies must be unsatisfactory adjuncts to works of art. A great book is a thing that should stand or fall on its own merits."

I cannot agree with *Literature*. I think that Mrs. Ritchie's introductions fit in most delightfully with the books, and I am almost tempted to sell my old green cloth edition and buy the new just for their sake.

Here is an interesting variant of the George story about Thackeray, which appears in the introduction to the Biographical edition of "The Virginians." My correspondent had it from a man who had it from Thackeray himself, and this is what the great novelist said: "I had been giving a lecture upon the Four Georges, and after the lecture there had been a supper from which I returned, tired, to my hotel. I stumbled through winding passages to a door that seemed to be mine, opened it, and went in. The fire was burning bright. I drew off my boots, flung my coat over a chair, set another chair before the coals, sat down in it, and stretched forth my feet toward the glow. A voice came from my bed; the voice of a woman. 'Geo-o-orge?' it whispered. I cast a glance at the head which appeared amid the curtains, turned my back upon it, gathered up my coat and my boots, and left the room. Five Georges in one night were too much for me!"



SCHOOLBOY DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY
(Reproduced from *The Grey-Friar*)

THE CRITIC'S Paris correspondent, Mr. Theodore Stanton, writes : " A short time ago the Paris papers were full of the subject as to who should take up Mallarmé's sceptre. Letters on the question were published from scores of minor poets, and even from some of the first rank. But I have space to record only what you already know, that M. Léon Dierx was chosen as the new ruler. This was brought about by a vote through a newspaper. Dierx headed the list with fifteen ballots in his favor. Next came M. de Herédia of the Academy, who had ten, followed by Sully-Prudhomme. Two French poets of American birth—Francis Viele Griffin and Stuart Merrill—also received some votes. A friend of mine saw Dierx the other day at his exceedingly modest apartments up on the northern hills of Paris, and came away highly pleased, finding the man so superior to his surroundings, which is not so often the case as we imagine, especially in an old civilization like that of France.



" I spent a half-hour recently with the venerable Paul Meurice, whose new play, 'Struensée,' at the Français would probably open to him the doors of the Academy if he wished to enter. I went to have a chat with him in his comfortable, richly furnished little *hôtel* near the Parc Monceau—what a contrast to Dierx's abode and how well illustrative of the statement just made—about the next volume of Victor Hugo's posthumous works. You will remember that he and the late Auguste Vacquerie were the literary executors of the poet. M. Meurice is now left to complete the task alone. The forthcoming book, which will continue the title 'Choses Vues,' will open with an eight-page account of the execution of Louis XVI. given to Victor Hugo in 1840 by a young man twenty years old at the time of the tragic event. Then follows a brief account of Napoleon's arrival at



Out of the Enclid.

*Canorus Ales.*

SCHOOLBOY DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY
(Reproduced from *The Grey-Friar*)

Paris on March 20, 1815, several pages of conversations which the poet had with King Louis Philippe and other members of the royal family, many curious notes on the men and events of the Revolution of 1848, a diary kept by Victor Hugo during the siege of Paris, etc. I have before me the proof-sheets of three quarters of the volume. Scattered through the pages are many paragraphs and anecdotes, which I regret to say I am not at liberty to excerpt. The book has been printed for some weeks, but, on account of the Dreyfus case—you have no idea how this nightmare paralyzes every department of French life,—will not be published for several months to come. When I asked M. Meurice how it happened that Hugo kept by him for forty years or more so interesting a bit of history as this page concerning Louis XVI., he replied: 'Because he was such a voluminous writer; he could n't publish four volumes a year.' And now the executor must wait a whole year to print one single volume. I wonder what Victor Hugo would say if he were on earth to-day. I predict he would out-Zola Zola with a 'J'accuse' of his own."

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Mr. Stanton also makes the interesting statement that Edouard Chantlat's portrait of Verlaine is offered to the State for the Luxembourg Gallery by a group of literary men including such names as Sully-Prudhomme, Mistral, Richepin, Paul and Victor Margueritte, Clovis Hugues, and Léon Dierx. This portrait is now to be seen in the

directors' room of the Galiéra Museum. Though the light is bad, the work appears notable, and the likeness, especially the big bald head swelling up and out from a line drawn across the eyes, is unquestionably excellent. Perhaps it is only in Paris that such an eccentric in morals and verse would receive so high an honor within two years of his death. Among the few portraits in the Luxembourg are those of the artist Cogniet, Cardinal Lavigerie, the gentle Fourier, and Whistler's Quaker-like mother. Think of Verlaine joining such a chaste circle! This last-mentioned name suggests that perhaps it is not too late to say a word of the old and the new "prince of poets," successors of Verlaine in the rule over "the kingdom of the minor bards," as somebody has called this group of the *genus irritabile vatum*. Writing in the *Journal des Débats* of the late Stéphane Mallarmé, M. André Hallays well says: "His work, the obscurest ever written, was composed by a perfectly clear mind. Two reasons, we believe, decided Mallarmé to make himself the difficult author at whom so much fun has been poked. One was æsthetic, the other moral."



"The Amateur Cracksmen" is the title of a story by Mr. E. W. Hornung that Messrs. Scribner will publish early in the month. The character of Raffles is the counterpart of Sherlock Holmes. The plot is conceived with much ingenuity and the story told with spirit and humor. The detective story is always fascinating to the average reader when well done, and from a glance at the advance sheets of Mr. Hornung's book I should say that he was among those who have used their materials most skilfully.

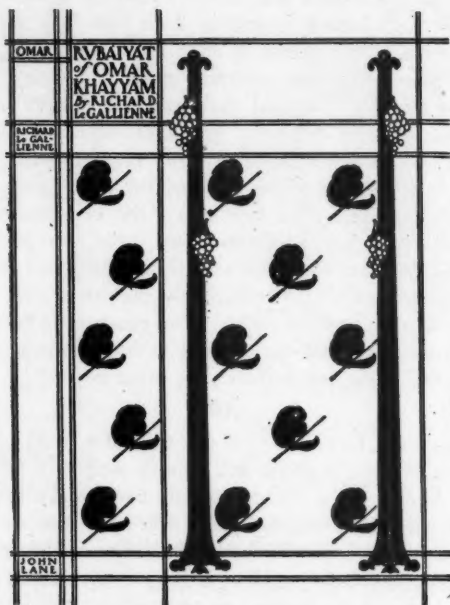


"Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier, the translator of Félix Gras's 'Reds of the Midi' and 'The Terror,' is a Highland woman, one of the clan Macleod, we believe. She is deeply interested in the Highland revival, and is an intimate friend of Miss Fiona Macleod, who has dedicated one of her books to Mrs. Janvier"—I read in an English paper. This is interesting if true. Mrs. Janvier may be a Highland woman now, but when she left this country a few years ago to live in the south of France she was a Philadelphian, of Quaker descent.



I find that a review of the Rev. Alex. S. Twombly's "Masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Milton," published some time ago in these columns, did the author injustice, in misquoting certain of his statements. Mr. Twombly has called my attention to the matter, in the most amiable manner possible, and I desire to thank him for his courtesy, and at the same time to express my regret that such injustice should have been done him. The late J. Addington Symonds, by the way, was no less impressed than Mr. Twombly by the points of resemblance between the great Italian painter and the illustrious English poet. The parallel is an interesting one.

The best thing about Mr. Le Gallienne's version of the Rubaiyat is what the publisher has made of it. There was no harm in Mr. Le



COVER DESIGN BY MR. WILL BRADLEY

Gallienne's trying to gild refined gold, but at the best that is a thankless task. Take but the first stanza of the two versions:

Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of Light.

Would anyone exchange those lines for these?—

Wake! for the sun, the shepherd of the sky,
Has penned the stars within their fold on high,
And, shaking darkness from his mighty limbs,
Scatters the daylight from his burning eye.

25

A young lady writes me from the West to know why some people admire the Rubaiyat and others, of apparently equal intelligence, do not. It seems to me that the only reply to this inquiry is that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. She might as well expect me to know why Mr. Howells does not regard Thackeray with that reverence some of us feel for him. These things are questions of taste, and taste knows no law. It is not so strange to me that one man should like poetry and another should prefer prose as that there should be no

standard of criticism in matters pertaining to literature. A person may not like an author's style, but I shall never be able to understand how two persons of education and intelligence can be so diametrically opposed as to things that should be matters of fact. It seems to me that an author has either a good style or a bad style, and that the matter should be beyond dispute. The late Walter Pater had the highest reputation as a stylist, and yet to my mind his style was anything but admirable. A writer in a recent number of *The Academy* says that Mr. Stephen Crane's "technique is far superior to Mr. Kipling's." To me technique is a quality that Mr. Crane entirely lacks, and that Mr. Kipling possesses in the highest degree. This same writer says of Mr. Crane's "George's Mother," "In method it is a masterpiece." If this be true, then it is a method with madness in it.



Speaking of the Rubaiyat, it is worthy of note that in almost every edition of that immortal work the last line of the fifty-third quatrain is pure gibberish. It reads:

"To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?"

In the Grolier edition it is correctly printed:

"To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?"

Of course the other was a misprint, but it has crept into most editions of the Rubaiyat, and, what is more remarkable, seems to have escaped unnoticed. It was allowed to pass in the December number of *THE CRITIC*, but has been corrected in *THE CRITIC* pamphlet.



All lovers of FitzGerald will be glad to know of the "Chronological List of His Books, etc.," published by the Caxton Club of Chicago. Those who know the gentle Edward only as the translator of Omar will be surprised to see the long list of books set down to his credit. Of the Rubaiyat twenty-two editions are mentioned.



The success of "Quo Vadis" may be judged by the fact that Mr. Curtin, the translator of the book, has been paid \$25,000 as his share of the profits. That is more, I fancy, than Mr. Curtin has made from all his myth and folk-lore books put together, notwithstanding their scientific value.



There is nothing that an "up to date" department store cannot supply. One of the best known of these establishments advertises "Crests and heraldic devices furnished in twenty-four hours." This is equal to the printed cards in front of the oyster-dealers announcing "Families supplied on short notice."

Herr Anton Seidl aus Pest hat mich
seit fünf Jahren in der Vorbereitung der
Aufführung meines Richmanfischspiels, sowie
bei den Aufführungen selbst, als bestän-
diger Musiker fordernd zu Satze ge-
standen, und sowohl für Erleichterung des Aus-
führung meiner Werke sich unermüdet
bemüht, so dass es mir jeden Augenblick
unmöglich geblieben hätte, ein solches
Büchlein über die volle Danksagung zu ver-
fassen, nachdem es mir auch durch
die mehrijährige Leitung von Danksagun-
gen anderer Wiener Bühnen zu einem
einen und musikalischen Danksagun-
sbüchlein gekommen ist.

Bayreuth
6. Sept. 1887.

Richard Wagner

LETTER FROM WAGNER TO SEIDL

A volume in memory of Anton Seidl is published by Messrs. Scribner. It contains reminiscences of the eminent conductor by Mmes. Lilli Lehmann, Marianne Brandt, Lillian Nordica, MM. Albert Niemann, Jean de Reszke, and others. Frau Seidl's contribution to this volume is particularly touching. She does not pretend to conceal her love and reverence for her husband. Her anecdotes of him are most interesting. The volume contains besides other things a number of portraits of Seidl. No admirer of the famous conductor will care to miss this book, particularly when he understands that it is published for the benefit of his widow.

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The delicacy and refinement of Mr. George Moore's language even under excitement is remarkable. His latest novel, "Evelyn Innes," has been excluded from the Messrs. Smith's newstands in England, and in giving vent to his feelings on the subject Mr. Moore says: "The public was, is, and always will be a filthy cur, feeding upon offal, which the duty of every artist is to kick in the ribs every time the brute crosses his path." Is this Mr. Moore's way of announcing the popularity of his novels?

The Page is the title of an interesting quarterly published by Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, "at the sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey, England." That Mr. Craig is the son of Miss Ellen Terry lends much to the interest of the publication. *The Page* is described as "a pub-



A WOOD ENGRAVING BY MR. GORDON CRAIG
(Specimen of illustration from *The Page* for 1899)

lication in which one finds woodcuts, literature, music, bookplates, posters, portraits, and other curious things." The edition of each number is limited to four hundred (yet it is not a New York society journal), and it has among its illustrators, besides Mr. Craig, Messrs. Will Rothenstein, Max Beerbohm, and James Pryde. The above woodcut is from the prospectus.



Professor Bonet-Maury has returned to Paris from his lecture tour to Chicago University and Chautauqua. It was the latter spot which made the deeper impression on him. "I was told that I should find a rather narrow spirit prevailing there," he is quoted as saying, "but it seemed to me, on the contrary, that the atmosphere of the place was exceedingly liberal." In fact so curious and unique did Bishop Vincent's creation appear to M. Bonet-Maury that he has thought of describing it in a leading Paris monthly.

A correspondent sends me these verses clipped from the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. They are as witty as Hans Breitmänn. Perhaps they have appeared elsewhere, but to me they are new.

HOCH, DER KAISER!

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland
Und Gott on high all things gommand,
Ve two! Ach! don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

While some men sing der power divine,
Mein soldiers sing der "Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der healt in Rhenish wein,
Auf me—und Gott.

Dere 's France dot swaggers all around,
She 's ausgespielt—she 's no aggroundt;
To much, ve dinks, she don'd amount—
Meinself—und Gott.

Dere 's gran'ma dinks she 's nicht schmall bier,
Mit Boers und dings she interfere—
Shè 'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott.

She dinks, dot frau, some ships she 's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet coat—
Ach! Ve could knock dem—pouf—like dot!
Meinself—und Gott.

In dimes auf peace brebared for wars,
I bear der helm and spear of Mars,
Und care nicht for ten dousand Czars—
Meinself—und Gott.

In short, I humor every whim,
Mit aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me and I mit him—
Meinself—und Gott.



A certain Mr. Leopold Wagner has written a book called "How to Get on the Stage." Now if Mr. Wagner would write a book called "How to Get *in* the Stage," and sell it along Fifth Avenue, I think that he would make quite a fortune. There are few things more difficult than to make a successful entrance upon the boards of a Fifth Avenue stage.



"Jesus Delaney" is the title of a novel by Mr. Joseph Gordon Donnelly which will be published early in the spring by The Macmillan Company. I think that the author might have found a name equally typical of Mexico and not quite so shocking to the feelings of the average American. Perhaps it is the singularly incongruous combination that offends one.

The accompanying is an unpublished sketch by the late Aubrey Beardsley, from a book on that gifted though eccentric artist by Mr. Arthur Symons, who edited *The Savoy*. I am indebted to Messrs. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels, the publishers, for permission to reproduce the drawing. Two heretofore unpublished portraits of Mr. Beardsley are in the book.

22

Among the important new books published by the New Amsterdam Book Co., "Picturesque India," by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, has a threefold interest. India is England's greatest possession. She is the eldest daughter of a numerous family and, by virtue of her years, has the advantage, in the way of civilization, education, and manners, over her less attractive sisters, among whom Miss Africa is at present making herself conspicuous. Unlike Jules Verne, whose thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes in places he never saw have made him world-renowned, the author writes from actual experience. Sir Richard was at one time Governor of Bombay; he knows India like a book, and is as much at home in the Jungle Land as Mr. Kipling. Thirdly, this entertaining book contains thirty-two illustrations by the author. A correspondent of *THE CRITIC* met

Sir Richard Temple several years ago at Ober-Ammergau, the home of the Passion Play. "We were both," she writes, "guests of the High Priest Annas, who, upon laying aside his priestly robes, was simply Franz Rutz, Schneidermeister. Apart from his tailoring, Herr Franz ministers to the inner man by selling groceries. During our few days' stay at the little Bavarian village, the forms of the worthy peasant and the English statesman leaning together over the counter in the front room which served as grocery were a familiar sight. As all Englishmen and readers of *Punch* know, Sir Richard is a very homely man, while Lady Temple was considered one of England's most beautiful women. That he is sublimely unconscious of the former fact is evidenced by a well-known story which went the rounds of London drawing-rooms. Said a certain Member and intimate friend of Sir Richard, 'Do you know what they call you and your wife?' No, Sir Richard did not. 'Why, they call you Beauty and the Beast!' replied the audacious Member laughingly. 'Really, now, do you know I am surprised. I always thought Lady



AN UNPUBLISHED DESIGN BY
AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Temple a remarkably good-looking woman!' exclaimed Sir Richard in astonishment. And the Member looked dazed."



A. E. B. takes exception to the expression, used in a notice of the biography of Lewis Carroll in THE CRITIC, "Well may the mome raths outgrabe." The exception is well taken, as will be seen by the following:

"In a recent number of the *Strand*, Mr. Collingwood, Lewis Carroll's nephew and biographer, gives a glossary, found among the author's boyhood papers, of the first stanza of 'Jabberwocky':

"'T was brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe.'

"BRYLLYG (derived from the verb to BRYL or BROIL), 'the time of broiling dinner, *i. e.*, the close of the afternoon.'

"SLYTHY (compounded of SLIMY and LITHE), 'smooth and active.'

"TOVE, a species of Badger. They had smooth, white hair, long hind legs, and short horns like a stag: lived chiefly on cheese.

"GYRE, verb (derived from GYAOUR or GIAOUR, 'a dog'), 'to scratch like a dog.'

"GYMBLE (whence GIMBLET), 'to screw out holes in anything.'

"WABE (derived from the verb to SWAB or SOAK), 'the side of a hill' (from its being *soaked* by the rain).

"MIMSY (whence MIMSERABLE and MISERABLE), 'unhappy.'

"BOROGROVE, an extinct kind of parrot. They had no wings, beaks turned up, and made their nests under sundials: lived on veal.

"MOME (hence SOLEMOME, SOLEMONE, and SOLEMN), 'grave.'

"RATH, a species of land-turtle. Head erect; mouth like a shark; the four legs curved out so that the animal walked on his knees; smooth green body: lived on swallows and oysters.

"OUTGRABE, past tense of the verb to OUTGRIBE (it is connected with the old verb to GRIKE or SHRIKE, from which are derived 'shriek' and 'creak'), 'squeaked.'

"Hence,' says Mr. Collingwood, 'the literal English of the passage is: It was evening, and the smooth, active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hill-side; all unhappy were the parrots; and the green turtles squeaked out.'"



"The February *Bookman*," writes Father Tabb, "says it was not Mr. Dobson, but Mr. Andrew Lang, that so dwarfed me by Poe. The same writer once dropped a *b* from my name, and when I protested, very kindly replied, 'I took you for an English Bard; I am a Scotch Reviewer.' For his last cut I offer the following

EXPLANATION

"'T is evident that such a name
As mine unto the critic came
Like Cinderella's shoe—it fit
The foot; so, on he buckled it.

"JOHN B. TABB."

Those theatre-goers who have seen "Catherine"—and to see it as played by Mr. Charles Frohman's admirable company is something to remember—will be interested to know that its author, M. Henri Lavedan, was elected to the French Academy on the strength of that play. His previous plays were not calculated to raise him to any such position. M. Lavedan began his career as a journalist, but when he discovered that he could write dialogue better than most of his fellows he turned his eyes to the stage and there he has kept them. I understand that Mr. Frohman will take the entire "Catherine" company to London in April. That city will then have the pleasure of seeing some more excellent American actors. Miss Russell is already a favorite there, and Mrs. Le Moyne is known as a reader, but neither she nor Miss de Wolfe has ever acted there.



Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are to publish immediately the new novel by Mr. Eden Phillpotts entitled "Children of the Mist." Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," writes to *The Saturday Review* concerning this book: "Knowing nothing of the writer or his works, I was simply astonished at the beauty and power of this novel. But true as it is to life and place, full of deep interest, rare humor, and vivid descriptions, there seemed to be risk of its passing unheeded in the crowd and rush and ruck of fiction. . . . Literature has been enriched with a wholesome, genial, and noble tale, the reading of which is a pleasure in store for many."



A letter received from Mr. Rudyard Kipling as "The Cruise of the Cachalot" was passing through the press must have made the hearts of author and publisher glad:

"DEAR MR. BULLEN:

"It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to.

"RUDYARD KIPLING.

"ROTTINGDEAN, November 22, 1898."



Mr. Kipling has been spending a few days in New York, but he has not allowed himself to be lionized. He and Mrs. Kipling were "at home" to their friends on certain afternoons, and they accepted a few invitations to dinner. Otherwise they passed their time quietly enough. Mr. Kipling dislikes nothing more than being lionized, for which everyone must respect him.

The following interesting correspondence shows how liable the most careful writers are to make mistakes. Mr. Frank L. Baldwin of Youngstown, Ohio, writes:

"In the December number of *THE CRITIC*, your monthly review, in which I take great delight, I notice an article on 'The Poetry of James Whitcomb Riley,' by Maurice Thompson. I coincide with the writer in his general and generous views and criticism, and agree with him in his final conclusion as to the worth of Riley's poetry. But I must note one exception, not that I wish to defend Mr. Riley, but simply desire to correct an erroneous impression left by Mr. Thompson's article upon but one point. A critic such as he will undoubtedly be glad to note and accept the correction in the way in which it is intended. Allow me to quote the following:

"In one poem, written with evident purpose to treat the grammars fairly, Mr. Riley shows the tyranny of a bad habit by writing:

"To leave us laughing all content to hear the robin whistle,
Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy done!"

It is a curious slip, as the reader will see by turning to "The Land of Used-To-Be" in "Rhymes of Childhood," first published in 1891, where what "little Katy done" rhymes with what "glimmers down the sun." Perhaps this unconscious reversion to the rustic habit of speech is our best guaranty of Mr. Riley's right to use dialect as by one to the manner born.

Being an admirer of the poetry of Mr. Riley and familiar with the poem mentioned by Mr. Thompson, it struck me at once that he had misquoted. He seemed to urge the reader to turn to the poem and see for himself the 'curious slip,' and following his instruction the poem was referred to, in the edition he mentions as being published first in 1891, and I there find the line to be written as follows:

'Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy's done.'

Written in that way the line certainly treats the grammars fairly and is certainly a well constructed grammatical line of poetry. I would refer Mr. Thompson and his readers to the edition published by 'The Bowen-Merrill Co.,' of Indianapolis, in 1891, page 58. This edition is marked 'Copyright, 1890, by J. W. Riley,' and is his authorized edition of the poems therein contained. That being the author's authorized rendering of that line, Mr. Thompson ought to draw a red line through that portion of his article above quoted."

This letter was forwarded to Mr. Thompson, who writes in reply:

"How I could have made so flatly absurd a mistake in reading Mr. Riley's poem is beyond my power to explain. I set myself among Mr. Riley's most loyal friends and tireless admirers. But had I been his one bitter enemy,—and I don't believe he has an enemy of any sort in the world,—to misquote his line purposely to injure him would have been absolute ineptitude; for there stood the word to show it!

"When you asked me to write the little critique, I turned afresh to Mr. Riley's works and enjoyed re-reading them before attempting what was a very pleasant task. It is as clear to mind this moment as anything could possibly be, how surprised I was when I came upon the phrase: 'Little Katy done.' I read it aloud to one who often revises

my poor work. Nor did I merely read it, but went back over the stanza several times trying to account for Mr. Riley's slip—as my eyes saw it—and, well there it is. When your letter came, I went defiantly, and with considerable flourish of victorious expectation, to a book-shelf and took down 'Rhymes of Childhood,' as certain that my quotation was perfect *en toutes lettres* as that I was in my study. I turned to the page and read. If my head had fallen upon my toes I could not have been more amazed and hurt. So you have the whole thing. Next time I am asked to write about Riley I'll go a-fishing. My only solace is that my curious blunder cannot hurt our famous poet.

"Mr. Baldwin has my hearty, chagrin-burdened thanks for discovering my error. The curious part of it all is that I have received a great many letters about that critique, *pro et con*, and have seen a number of press notices, yet Mr. Baldwin is the first and only person who seems to have measured my mistake by the poet's text!"



It is proposed to establish a censorship of plays in this State. Let us hope that such a thing will never be done, not that our drama does not need a censor, for it does, but because, judging by the way we do most things, the remedy would be worse than the disease. I do not wonder that the suggestion has been made. Plays that the public would not have tolerated a few years ago it "chortles" over now. But the sort of a censor that would in all likelihood get the appointment, if the office was created, would not help matters. He would harm them. But after all what good does that estimable person, the English censor of plays, do? Did n't he permit "The Conquerors" to be performed, and was it not the people who would n't have it? Our people do not seem to be so particular. Show them a thoroughly obnoxious play, and they will make the fortune of everyone connected with it. In the midst of the present orgy of vulgar farce, it is pleasant to record the success of Miss May Irwin in her clean if not brilliant plays. So long as Miss Irwin gives us her own genial personality and spontaneous humor we care little about the medium. It is May Irwin and her inimitable "coon" songs that we want, and that we are grateful for.



I wonder if *The Outlook* of London has changed editorial hands lately. Only a few weeks ago it backed me up most handsomely for my remarks upon log-rolling as practised in the greatest city in the world, and now it backs me down, and most unhandsomely, for the same thing. On December 28 it referred to its having reproduced a paragraph from these pages on the subject in question, in order to "give literary London a salutary sight of itself as literary America sees it." In the same journal, just one month later to a day, it turns completely around, and not only speaks as though log-rolling were an unknown occupation in London, but calls names and uses language not at all in keeping with its reputation for cleverness and wit. Will its opinions undergo another change in the course of a few weeks?

That exceedingly compact and useful volume, "Who's Who," has a page or two entitled "Rulers of Civilized Countries." Under the United States we find "William Mackinley, born March 18, 1837." In the body of the volume considerable space is devoted to "William M'Kinley," who is here said to have been born on "Jan. 29, 1843." As a matter of fact, President McKinley was born on Jan. 29, 1844. But ex-President Cleveland was born on March 18, 1837, and the date of his birth was left, when the name of his successor as the "ruler of a civilized country" was substituted for it. Curiously enough, Mr. Cleveland himself is ignored in "Who's Who," and so is ex-President Harrison. This would be less surprising if so many Americans were not included in the volume.



An American "Who's Who" is about to appear, and the publishers are taking a good deal of trouble to make it complete. It will, I believe, be particularly comprehensive in its inclusion of authors, of the younger as well as of the older generation. Many a writer has been asked to furnish the facts as to his own career, and certain authors have been addressed who lack only a most important qualification for admission—De Tocqueville, for instance, the republication of whose standard work, "Democracy in America," has called forth a request for his present business address and place of residence. In this case two important qualifications are lacking, for this famous author, though he might easily be still alive, as he was born in 1805, has actually been dead for forty years. Moreover, he was not an American. The attempt to get in communication with M. de Tocqueville reminds me of the announcement of the publishers of a well-known dictionary, some years ago, of their intention to send an editorial representative abroad to confer with M. Littré—the illustrious lexicographer having at the time been comfortably in his grave for a decade or so.



I am quite sure that there are many admirers of the late Harold Frederic's books in this country who will want to add something to the fund now being raised in England for the benefit of his widow and children. They have been left almost penniless, Mr. Frederic's copyrights being mortgaged up to the last cent. His poor wife has much to suffer without the menace of dire poverty, and I hope that her husband's countrymen will be moved to do as much for her as may be done in England. Contributions may be sent to THE CRITIC or direct to the treasurer, Mr. W. S. Fisher, 88 St. George's Square, London, S. W.



People who criticise the performance of Mrs. Leslie Carter in the first act of "Zaza" will go to the opera and encore a much more suggestive scene in "Carmen." "Zaza" is not a play for young girls to see—nor is "Carmen," or "Camille,"—but Mrs. Carter does some remarkably fine acting in it.

An Unpublished Portrait of Washington*

To an American no other portrait can possess the interest and significance which will always attach to that of Washington. Fortunately the portraits of Washington are not restricted to a single example or limited to a single painter. The first authentic portrait was painted by Charles Wilson Peale at Mount Vernon, May, 1772, and is now in the possession of Gen. G. W. Curtis Lee, Lexington, Va. There were paintings from life by Wright, Pine, the Marchioness de Brehan, Savage, Trumbull, James and Rembrandt Peale, and others. An unfinished portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, owned by the Athenæum, is generally accepted as the truest likeness. It has been engraved more than three hundred times and is known on both sides of the ocean as Stuart's Washington. Of it Mrs. Washington wrote that it was not a "true resemblance." Perhaps the portraits truest to life were those painted by Charles Wilson Peale and Rembrandt Peale, father and son, September, 1795, on the second floor of the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. The one by the former is in the Bryan collection, of the New York Historical Society, and the other is reproduced for the first time in this number of *THE CRITIC*. That which is required to-day is a portrait of Washington which reflects the striking features of the original without idealization; we think it will be admitted this one meets these requirements.

The painting from which this reproduction is made is 25 x 30 inches in size, in perfect condition, covered with glass, and has been thus enclosed since its exhibition at the Centennial, Philadelphia, in 1876. It has an interesting history. Rembrandt Peale during the winter of 1857-8 delivered a lecture in the principal cities of the United States, the subject being "Washington and his Portraits," an autograph copy of which lecture is in the possession of Mr. Robert Coulton Davis, of Philadelphia. The following is an extract from it:

"Washington gave me three sittings. At the first and second, my father's painting and mine advanced well together; being at my right hand his was a little less full than mine. In the third sitting, perceiving he was beginning to repaint the forehead and proceed downwards, as was his custom, I feared he would have too little time to study the mouth and lower part of the face, and therefore I began at the chin and proceeded upwards. The result of this decision was that there was something in the upper part of my father's study that I preferred and something in the lower part of mine which better satisfied me.

"Washington gave me three sittings of three hours each, from 7 to 10 o'clock. By these early visits I had the advantage of seeing his hair in a more natural manner than the barber arranged it, wig fashion, after 10 o'clock. My portrait, wet from the easel, was packed up and in a few days was opened in Charleston, S. C."

In the course of the same lecture Mr. Peale says that Mrs. Wash-

* See Frontispiece.

ington visited the room one day while the painting was going on, and being amused by the scene described it to Gilbert Stuart, who also had a studio in Philadelphia. To this Stuart laughingly replied that she must take good care of her husband, "as he was in danger of being Pealed all round."

The further history of this interesting portrait, obtained principally from the De Saussure family of South Carolina, is this: De Saussure, afterward Chancellor of South Carolina, a personal friend of Washington, was appointed by the latter Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, and it was during his term of office that the first gold coins in the United States were made. He had been ill, and, upon his restoration to health, tendered his resignation in October, 1795, and returned to his home at Camden, S. C. Before leaving Philadelphia he was desirous of having a likeness of Washington, who promised the sitting, and the order was given to Charles Wilson Peale. The sitting thus arranged for afforded an opportunity for four portraits at the same time—as before stated. De Saussure purchased the painting by Rembrandt in preference to the others.

The arrival home of the distinguished friend of Washington was an event to be remembered there, and of no less importance was the portrait which he brought with him. He attained the height of his ambition and became Chancellor of South Carolina, and the portrait rested upon the walls of the old family mansion, on the banks of the Wateree in the Kershaw district, the centre of the triangular Palmetto State. There it remained for a period of eighty years—until 1876. At the time of the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia the son of De Saussure sent the portrait to be exhibited in the Washington collection. Aged, his estate impoverished by the long war, the prized family relic was directed to be sold. After the exhibition the portrait was transferred to the interior of Pennsylvania, having been purchased by Mr. George L. Sanderson, and it has hung upon the walls of his home, Villa Lochabar (built, by the way, in 1769), ever since, until it was brought to New York a few weeks ago to be photographed. By the courtesy of Mr. Sanderson the readers of *THE CRITIC* are the first to see a reproduction of this famous picture, admirably photographed by Mr. W. A. Cooper, who has also made a life-size copy of it for a volume of masterpieces owned in America, to be issued in a limited edition.

In the painting itself, the eye seems smaller than in the Stuart and other portraits, but this is not noticeable in the reproduction. Rembrandt Peale was only seventeen when he painted this portrait, so he was too young to be a flatterer. His thoughts were bent upon making a likeness, and he succeeded in his efforts. It is worth mention that Rembrandt Peale was born on Washington's birthday (Feb. 22), and that his father, C. W. Peale, who painted the first authentic portrait of Washington, died on February 22. That this year is the Centennial of Washington's death makes the first publication of what is likely to be considered the best portrait of him a noteworthy event.



Photo. by Baruch

HERR GERHART HAUPTMANN

Berlin

Gerhart Hauptmann and his Work

GERHART HAUPTMANN is without doubt the greatest of the present generation of literary men in Germany. His fame reached its zenith in 1896, when his fairy drama "Die versunkene Glocke" was published. The recent appearance of a new work by the great German attracts attention again to the man, who has been the literary lion of Germany for more than two years.

A new book by the famous critic and director of the Vienna Burg Theatre, Paul Schlenther, throws a great deal of light upon what, up to the present, has been a somewhat obscure career. Schlenther's book is entitled "Gerhart Hauptmann, sein Lebensgang und seine Dichtung," and was published in Berlin in 1898. The biographer's opportunities for observing contemporary literary activity in Germany have been so good that anything that he has to say about Hauptmann is worthy of the most serious consideration.

Hauptmann was born on November 15, 1862, in the small Silesian

watering-place, Obersalzbrunn. In this old-fashioned resort Robert Hauptmann, the father of the author, was the proprietor of the chief hotel—the Gasthof zur preussischen Krone. During the early years of Gerhart's life things went well with the thrifty inn-keeper, but the general use of railways served to turn aside the stream of travel from the quiet town of Obersalzbrunn, and to cause the noble patrons of the Preussische Krone to go farther west to the more fashionable baths of Ems, Kissingen, and Baden-Baden. Not far from Salzbrunn are the towns Gnadenfrei and Herrnhut, the strongholds of Moravian orthodoxy in its purest form. Pietism and mysticism, therefore, at an early age affected in a marked way the receptive temperament of the future author. Not that the Hauptmann household was unusually pious, but the teachings of the neighborhood received further emphasis when later young Gerhart was received into the family of a strictly orthodox uncle. There were four children—one daughter and three sons—of whom Gerhart was the third. At the village school he was conspicuous rather for his dulness than for any especial gifts, except the faculty of telling stories and writing compositions. A change to a *pension* in Breslau in 1874 did not serve to quicken his powers. Four years of unsuccessful effort to study, and the growing financial embarrassment of his parents, induced them to accept the offer of Gustav Schubert, a brother-in-law of Frau Hauptmann, to receive him on the country place, which had been rented in the neighborhood of Striegau. Two years were happily spent here under the influence of the Herrnhut ideas of the Schubert family, and then the unusual talent for sculpture which Gerhart manifested caused him, at the suggestion of his brother Carl, who throughout the poet's life has always been his most valued counselor and critic, to remove again to Breslau to study sculpture.

The Silesian capital at this time offered great advantages for the pursuit of an artistic career, but the unstable temperament of the young man not only prevented him from learning a great deal, but drew upon him the disfavor of the authorities of the Kunstschule, so that he was finally compelled to leave because of irregular work. This was in 1882. In the meanwhile he had completed his first drama, in fact, his first literary work. What had come before was of a fugitive nature—verses in copy-books, an occasional song, and one or two fairy tales composed in verse. This drama was, however, his first ambitious effort, and was based upon the Swedish poet Tegner's "Frithjofsaga." It bore the name "Ingeborg," and was the precursor of several attempts (none of which went far towards completion) to glorify Germanic mythology and history. Upon leaving Breslau in 1882, Hauptmann started for Jena, where his brother Carl was studying, to hear the lectures of Haeckel, the zoölogist. While at Jena he pursued studies of a widely varied character, but in spite of the lack of system in his work, the year was one of profit. In the spring of '83 he started out from Hamburg on a cargo steamer to visit Spain and the Mediterranean ports. Barcelona, Malaga, Marseilles, the Riviera, Naples, the island of Capri, Genoa,

and Rome were visited, and then he returned home. But the following year he went back to Italy, and this time determined to devote himself permanently to sculpture. In Rome he established an *atelier*, but the climate was unfriendly and he soon fell dangerously ill with fever. While still convalescing he returned to Germany to be nursed back to health by the woman who was in a short time to become his wife, Marie



HAUPTMANN'S STUDIO IN ROME

Thienemann. The wedding took place in 1885, in Dresden, but a short distance from the Thienemann-estate Hohenhaus. After a short time spent at one of the North Sea bathing resorts, the young pair established a home in the village of Erkner, just outside Berlin.

Hauptmann was now twenty-two years old—undetermined as to his future career; with literary, artistic, scientific, and philanthropic, not to say socialistic interests, and with an education as motley as could be conceived. Literature triumphed. Slowly, and without any seeking

on his part, there gathered around the modest fireside of the Erkner cottage a few of the younger literary set of the metropolis. With these young visitors came also, what was more important, the works of the foreigners Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Zola. Under these influences and under the spell of another *excursus* into physiological psychology (this time undertaken to appreciate an ambitious work of his brother Carl) was begun the drama which gave him an high position in literary Berlin. Up to this time he had written a play, "Das Erbe des Tiberius," composed under Roman influences; "Promethidenlos," an epic poem somewhat after the style of Byron's "Childe Harold," the impressions for which were obtained on his voyage to Spain and the Mediterranean; "Das bunte Buch," an extraordinary collection of bits of verse on widely different subjects; finally an autobiographical novel after the fashion of Dickens's "David Copperfield."

The history of these "early attempts" is brief: "Das Erbe des Tiberius" was lost; "Promethidenlos," after having been printed, was recalled and suppressed; "Das bunte Buch" was given to a publisher to print, but he failed before the collection was issued, and the author did not make any further effort to have the little work published; the great autobiographical novel was never completed because of the pressing demands made upon its author by the new ideas which had been brought in with his Erkner visitors, and which demanded other forms for their expression.

Hauptmann's first real drama, "Vor Sonnenaufgang," is therefore epoch-making in two senses. First, it put a final limit to the author's early amateurish period and showed him in the rôle of a realist of the most consistent type; second, it marked the beginning of German naturalism in its proper sense. The name of Arno Holz, one of the earliest and most advanced of the *Jüngstdeutschen*, is frequently associated with Hauptmann's conversion to realism, but it can easily be shown that the debt was a very slight one, and that Holz merely gave the impulse which started Hauptmann on his career of what seemed to many wild realism. In our author we see a man with sympathies entirely alive to current events. He seemed to be holding his hand upon the feverish pulse of modern life, now noting this disorder and again another, always recording faithfully what he saw and what he believed to be the symptoms; seldom prescribing a remedy, but merely stating the case, with the expectation that a cure would be found as soon as the facts were known. The phases of the disease that he described were sometimes abnormal, sometimes hideous, The early "storm-and-stress" productions were works of social, moral, and intellectual radicalism in its intensest forms.

"Vor Sonnenaufgang" was Hauptmann's first drama to be performed, and is the most radical. Ibsen's "Wild Duck" has served as model in many places, while the ideas of Tolstoi and Zola and the socialist Bebel are at times visible. Its first performance provoked a storm of adverse criticism, and its admirers had to apologize for

what seemed to be an effort to attract attention through sensationalism. Hauptmann's motives were undoubtedly pure, and his object was solely to carry out his ideas of consistent realism. There was no theatre in Berlin prepared to perform such an unconventional play, except the theatre recently founded by a society of young authors and called "Die freie Bühne." Here was given, for the first time in Germany, Ibsen's "Ghosts," and the production of the new piece by Hauptmann was quite in line with the policy laid down by the young reformers. After the peasant play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang," there came in 1890 two "family dramas," as they are called by Schlenther—"Das Friedensfest" and "Einsame Menschen." Of these the more important is the latter. In Hauptmann's first play, physical distress and suffering is the theme. In "Einsame Menschen" the tragic climax is brought about through moral and spiritual unhappiness. Next comes in 1892 "Die Weber," or, as it is in the original dialect piece, "De Waber, ein Schauspiel aus den vierziger Jahren." Here Hauptmann struck a vein that had never been worked before in his manner. The scene is laid in his native Silesia, and it is a notable fact that in nearly every one of his works there is an association of greater or less closeness with his old home. In this play the action throughout takes place in Silesia, and is a portrayal of the tremendous sufferings of the peasant weavers during the forties and their revolt against oppression. The anti-monarchical and socialistic tendencies which were supposed to be present in the piece led to serious disorders in several cities where the censorship had forbidden its performance. This edict was in force even in Berlin for a short time, but was later revoked, and after a *première* on the stage of the Freie Bühne, became one of the regular pieces in the repertoire of the Deutsches Theater. The extraordinary power revealed in "Die Weber" raised the young author to a still higher position, and flattering prophecies were made in regard to his future. The efforts to adhere to the principles of realism were so marked that Hauptmann was immediately accepted as the leader of the more advanced literary radicals. His consistency was carried so far as to cause him to make "Die Weber" a play without a hero. There was merely a succession of scenes without any bond other than the unity of subject. This naturalism in "Die Weber" seems all the more noteworthy, as the play is historical, and owes its inception to a monograph bearing the unpromising title, "Blüte und Verfall des Leinengewerbes in Schlesien," by Alfred Zimmermann, Breslau, 1885. This work describes in the manner of an historian the events of the weavers' uprising, and to these dry historical facts Hauptmann has added the poetic interest of a drama.

Two comedies, "Der Biberpelz" and "College Crampton," are the works which come next in Hauptmann's development—the first in 1891 and the second just a year later. Schlenther finds the impetus to both of these in the revival of Molière, which took place in 1891 at Ludwig Barnay's theatre. The similarity between "L'Avare" and

these comedies is very slight, but it is not improbable that Hauptmann's attention was directed toward the comedy as a fruitful field by the excellent performances of "Der Geizige" by Barnay. The influence of Molière was by far more marked upon Sudermann, who not only imitated the style of the French author, but in some of his plays, notably "Die Schmetterlingsschlacht," was affected more deeply. The similarity between "Der Biberpelz" and "Der zerbrochene Krug" of Heinrich von Kleist is more important.

In passing from the discussion of these comedies of Hauptmann one comes upon an entirely new phase of his activity. Schlenther uses the very significant title "Weltweh und Himmelssehnsucht" for the



HAUPTMANN'S COUNTRY SEAT IN SCHREIBERHAU

chapter treating of "Hannele." Hauptmann's mystical and pietistic education shows itself now for the first time in all its force. In "Hannele" there are scenes that belong to the same phase of Hauptmann's activity as "Vor Sonnenaufgang," but there is also a new element. Its appearance, however, denoted another step in the upward direction of Hauptmann's mind toward idealism: to be sure it is a compromise, but for the man who first appeared as a "consistent realist" and stood for naturalism in its most radical form, there is something revolutionary in the change. The name of Maeterlinck suggests itself in connection with "Hannele." It has something of the same spirit of mysticism which is peculiar to all of the great Belgian's plays. The transfer from Hauptmann's "Sturm und Drang" of the early period to the moral altitude of *eine schöne Seele* is significant.

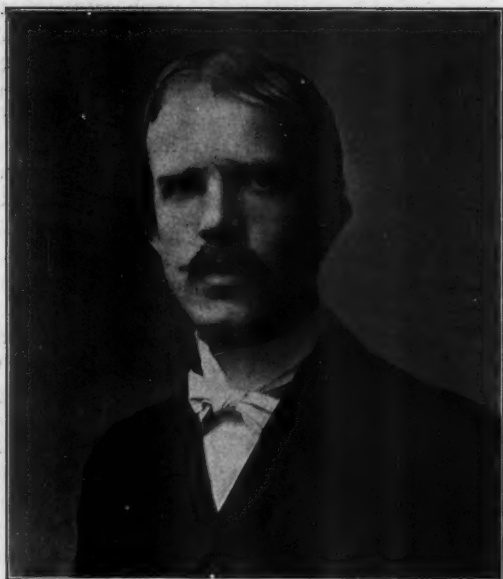
"Florian Geyer," published in 1896, was an ill-timed effort to create a second "Götz von Berlichingen." Its failure was a severe blow to the author, who had lavished his best thought upon it. While

there are a profusion of fine passages and many strong situations, the play was felt to be too big. A lack of unity, combined with the fact that an historical play as conceived by Hauptmann did not suit the Berlin public, produced the disaster which was the most crushing in the author's career—and that, too, immediately before the publication of "Die versunkene Glocke," which raised him to the highest position. This masterpiece appeared late in 1896, and has already run through forty editions. It has continued since its first presentation to be one of the most important pieces in all the German theatres. Schlenther's analysis is far from satisfactory, and the great number of difficult questions which are raised by "Die versunkene Glocke" remain unanswered. When and under what circumstances did Hauptmann become so intimately acquainted with Germanic mythology as is here shown? It is not entirely Silesian: what then are the other sources? There are allusions early in the book to plans undertaken by Hauptmann, which might serve as the basis for certain scenes, but one is left completely in the dark as to the genesis of the idea which was developed into what has been considered by some critics the greatest literary work since Goethe's "Faust." Public expectation is now keen in regard to the new work "Fuhrmann Henschel"—will it sustain the reputation of the young poet or does it denote a decrescendo in power? Critics are already discussing its merits, but the general verdict is that it represents in no sense a retrogression.

The weakness of Schlenther's book is visible in just such features as this. We are told the events of Hauptmann's very restless life,—circumstantially at times,—but the development of his art and the growth of his personality have to be inferred from the dry facts of his life. There was offered to the biographer, intimately related to the dramatist as he was, an opportunity to produce a work that would go below the superficial details of existence and show how in the midst of the most disturbing conditions of modern life Hauptmann had developed a creative faculty, and had, even from these discordant elements, extracted real poetry. The large volume (267 pages with a most commendable index) is too much occupied with synopses of the different plays, without the critical study which such lengthy treatment demands. Besides the work of Schlenther, there have been a large number of monographs and essays treating various phases of Hauptmann's activity, but his is the first to give a complete picture of this unusually interesting career.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER.





Courtesy of

The Art Interchange

MR. EDWARD PENFIELD

Edward Penfield and his Art

MR. EDWARD PENFIELD is first of all an American. He is also one of the very best designers of posters in the world, at least that is what they say of him in London and Paris. Over there his work is classed with that of Chéret, Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Dudley Hardy, and Nicholson. Here he is comparatively unknown. If he lived in either of the capitals of France or England, he would be a power in the world of art. Chéret was made a member of the Institute, and lives in luxury as a result of his poster designs. Penfield lives here in comparative retirement, and seems content to wait until America is willing to give his work the recognition that it deserves. Every one knows what America's lack of appreciation for its own has done in the case of Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, Millet, Alexander, and Macmonnies. It drove them to countries where their work received its deserts. That Mr. Penfield is still with us proves his eminent Americanism.

As a matter of fact, we are not innately any more an artistic than we are a musical people. Theatrical and book-posters may not be the highest art, but is it the pictorial art with which the greatest number of our people come in contact? There are certain advance movements now going on in foreign countries with which America, with all its progressiveness, persistently refuses to fall into step. The introduction of artistic bill-posters happens to be one of these. It is not that we have

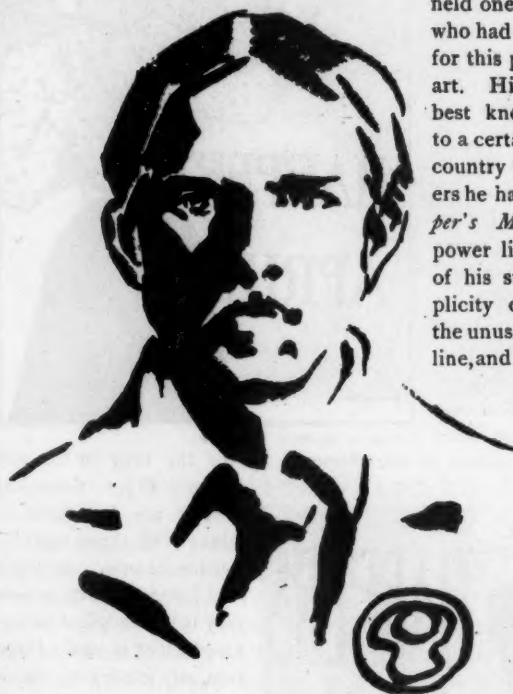
not the artists to design them, or that we lack the processes necessary for their production,—the public simply does not want them. The gentleman who has two of the largest shops in the world, and who is generally regarded as the most keen-sighted advertiser in America, last year advertised his stores by means of a poster. It was a picture of a lady in a red dress, and as a work of art from any known standpoint nothing worse can well be imagined. The merchant in question could easily have paid any artist in the world his own price for a sketch, but the merchant knew that the returns would not have justified the expenditure of the money. Hence the lady in the red



dress. Our theatrical posters are but little in advance of those used by our merchants. In Paris and London when a new play is produced, a recognized artist is paid a large sum of money to do a sketch for a poster which will be certainly artistic, fanciful if you will, but yet have some bearing on the play. In this country it seems we must have a lithograph taken from a photograph of a leading character in the play. It may be that of a gentleman in a frock coat with a black derby hat pulled down over his ears, or of the leading soubrette standing on her head,—

realistic if you will, even fanciful it may be, but not artistic. A few of our managers have attempted to use the expensive "paper" which is now absolutely necessary abroad, but their universal verdict is that it does not pay.

Fifty years from now, when good posters have become popular in America, it will probably be discovered that we once had in Mr. Pen-



EDWARD PENFIELD
(Sketched by himself)

field one of the few artists who had a touch of genius for this particular style of art. His work is perhaps best known abroad, and to a certain extent in this country through the posters he has made for *Harper's Magazine*. Their power lies in the novelty of his subjects, the simplicity of his treatment, the unusual strength of his line, and the extraordinary

ability to carry, especially in posters of such small dimensions. In his book-posters Mr. Penfield's fancy has found a wider range, and with the simple use of his three favorite colors—blue, yellow, and red—he

has done sketches which are as remarkable for their color effect as for the uniqueness of the fanciful thought contained in them. In addition to the posters he has done much that is good and original in book covers, and his golfing calendar published but recently easily takes first place in the great list of pictures which have been of late devoted to this branch of sport. Perhaps the highest honor Penfield has received at home is the commission he has received to decorate the breakfast-room of Randolph Hall at Cambridge for the Harvard students. Here is indeed an opportunity for the decorator, and the artist has entered upon his work with enthusiasm and a real love for the subjects he has chosen to depict. Those who have seen the pictures thus far completed know how successfully he has mastered the work in hand.

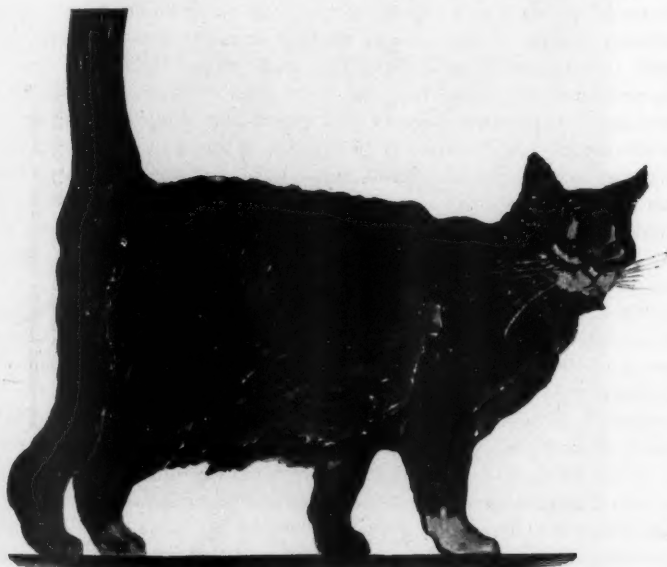


MR. PENFIELD'S DESIGNS FOR A GOLF CALENDAR
Reproduced from the original sketches, in color

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Russell

Mr. Penfield is a very young man, with a strong liking for work and a naturally modest inclination to express his artistic views rather through his work than conversation. Through his position abroad as one of the master poster designers he is constantly in touch with the work of the foreign artists, and yet we have no one who has so absolutely retained his identity and refused to imitate the successful ideas of his French and English rivals. As America has for the time being refused the artistic poster, it is probable that we shall know Mr. Penfield's work hereafter principally in decoration, and while his audience may thus be the more limited, there is no reason to believe that it will be the less appreciative.

C. BELMONT DAVIS.



E. Penfield

"THE OFFICE CAT"

Courtesy of R. H. Russell

The Drama

THERE seems to be no room for doubt that the success of "Zaza" is to be as permanent as it was immediate, and that the successful production of this highly seasoned piece, and the elevation of Mrs. Leslie Carter to the rank of a popular star, will be recorded among the most striking features of the present notable dramatic season. It is not often that success is so speedily and easily won. "Zaza" is not in any respect a great play; it is not, in its present shape at least, even a good one. It presents three or four practically independent chapters in the life of a waif, raised from the dirt of the gutter to the gilded degradation of a pet of inferior music halls, and the chief attraction that it has to offer is its veracity in dealing with the commonplaces of vulgarity and vice. In these Alcazar music-hall pictures there is no wit and no discernible purpose except to give unsophisticated persons in the stalls a glimpse into the hidden "life" of the theatre.

This, however, is the staple entertainment offered by the play. Zaza herself, in her English garb, has been more or less toned down for American audiences, but she is still a vicious type of one of the most notorious classes in the world. Having wooed and won a lover, by a process wholly unintelligible to healthy minds, she worships him with dog-like fidelity until she hears that he is married; whereupon—and this at least is true enough to nature—she resolves to visit his home and betray him to his innocent and wronged wife. Meeting his child, instead, she is disarmed by her prattle,—a weakness scarcely credible in a woman of her experience, but let that pass,—and returns to have it out with her lover, the original offender. The scene between them is the great one of the play, and is highly effective. When the man learns that she has dared to visit his wife, he makes it plain that he feels that she has carried pollution with her, and maddened by the insult, she declares that she has revealed all their relations. In his fury he threatens to strike her, but stops himself in time, and she then tells how she has respected his child's innocence. Upon this they part, half reconciled, and here the play ought to end. But there is a short fifth act, two years later, in which Zaza reappears as a world-renowned artist, rich, honored, refined, tender, and eloquent, who, meeting her quondam lover, now seeking reinstatement, declines his advances, administers good advice, and retires, as the curtain falls, in an atmosphere of opulence and benevolence. Nothing much falsier or more conventional than this could be conceived.

As the play is, up to the last act, undeniably truthful, so is Mrs. Leslie Carter in her delineation of Zaza. She has caught the abandoned and profligate air, the reckless carriage, and the harsh and vulgar speech. The achievement indicates a certain adaptability, a certain patience, and no little of "temperament." She does and says things



Photo. for THE CRITIC

Hollinger & Co.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

which are not pleasant, as if she were to the manner born. There is no possibility of any mistake as to her intent. The effect which she creates in the passionate scene with her lover is due largely to the physical energy which she throws into it. Here she has been compared to Bernhardt, and there is some suggestion of the French actress in her concentration of every physical faculty in one supreme effort of passionate speech. But the test of her abilities will come when she undertakes

some character offering freer scope for interpretative imagination than this tawdry, melodramatic figure of Zaza.

Studies of fallen women have been plentiful of late. Miss Olga Nethersole has provided two of them in her *Camille* and *Paula Tanqueray*. In the former character she attracted much attention when she first came to this country, and it cannot be said that she has improved much since in her performance of it. Her powers of emotional expression, of course, still remain to her, but the naturalness for which her acting was once distinguished has given place to many undesirable affectations both of speech and manner. In the *Pinero* play she did some notable work in the closing scenes, suggesting in turn, and very vividly, passion, remorse, and forlorn desperation, but as a whole she was unconvincing and unsatisfactory, because she failed to represent the attractive side of the woman's character. It was impossible to admit that such a man as Tanqueray should commit the wholly unnecessary folly of marrying a woman whose inherent coarseness of fibre was revealed so clearly.

It is pleasant to turn from these sexual-problem plays, with their feverish and unwholesome interest, to two pieces, much inferior to them intellectually, but infinitely more agreeable as entertainment. The first of these is the "Rev. Griffith Davenport," the patriotic play which Mr. James A. Herne has founded upon Miss Helen H. Gardiner's novel, "An Unofficial Patriot." Mr. Herne is not the inspired playwright and actor some of his Boston friends wish us to believe him, but he has often displayed intelligence in both capacities. The plantation scenes in the South, although prolix, accurately reproduce the sentiment of the time, and the fourth act, in which the old circuit rider finally consents, out of pure love for his country and the Union, to conduct the invasion of his own State, is not only historically true, but dramatically effective. A player of greater emotional range than Mr. Herne could make a very great part of the character of Davenport; the latter, however, invests it with fine simple dignity, tenderness, and sincerity, and a very pleasant vein of humor. The piece is full of patriotic spirit and both as drama and history is superior to "Nathan Hale."

The other play to which reference has been made is the merry German comedy "At the White Horse Tavern," produced at Wallack's by the Frohmans. Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, the adapter, has made the mistake of trying to Americanize it in places, and in so doing has introduced a discordant element into a singularly harmonious composition. In any other light than a humorous study of German characters the piece would appear forced and unnatural, and the scenes in which Mr. Rosenfeld has allowed himself the most license are the least satisfactory. He has not, however, been able to affect the general character of the composition, which is replete with innocent and hearty, if somewhat awkward fun, and offers a group of entertaining love stories.



CHARLES DICKENS

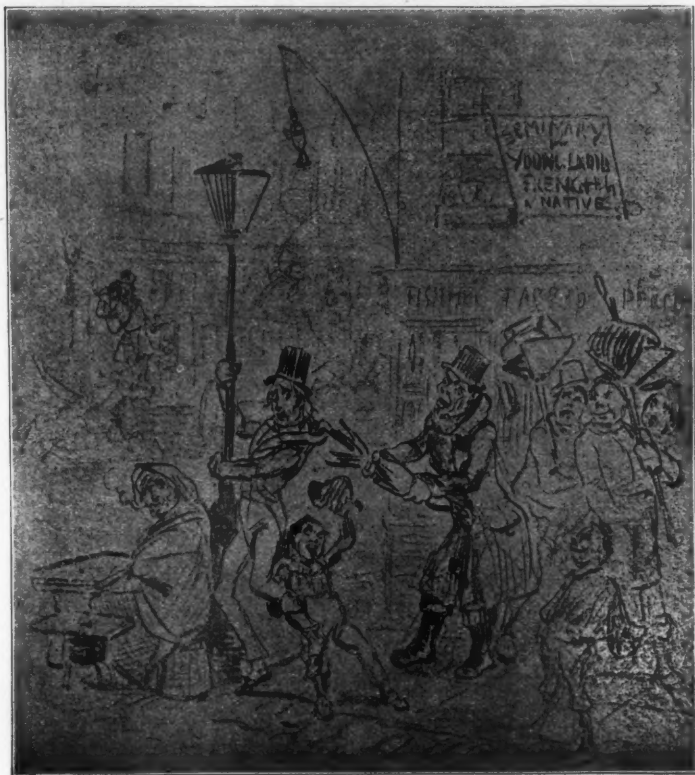
From a scarce lithograph by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.
(1867-68)

"Dickens and His Illustrators"

No lover of Dickens will want to deny himself the delight of owning this book,* but thousands will have to do so, as the edition for America is limited to two hundred and fifty copies. Of these one half have been subscribed for by a well-known book club of New York. In view of this fact it seems almost cruel to dilate on the fascinations of this fat folio. Being one of Dickens's most ardent admirers, having as a child wept at the death-bed of Little Nell, shuddered at the wickedness of Fagin, laughed to tears at the misadventures of Pickwick, and later in life stood in admiring awe before the dash and *sang-froid* of Eugene Wrayburn, it is only natural that I should take up this volume that Mr. Kitton has prepared with such affectionate care, with the keenest expectations. I follow on from page to page studying the

*"Charles Dickens and His Illustrators." By Frederic G. Kitton. New Amsterdam Book Co.

sketches that were the beginning of some of the pictures that have made lifelong impressions on my mind. There are two great novelists whom we can never disassociate from their illustrators, and they are Thackeray and Dickens. Of course I mean Thackeray's own illustrations. Can anyone imagine Becky Sharp except as he has depicted her, or any other Fagin than the one that Cruikshank drew, or any



"A SUDDEN RECOGNITION, UNEXPECTED ON BOTH SIDES"
Facsimile of the original drawing for "Nicholas Nickleby" by H. K. Browne ("Phiz")

Squeers but he who was created by the pencil of "Phiz"? Mr. Kitton is positive that Thackeray offered his services to Dickens as an illustrator but that his drawings were rejected. If this be true we cannot be too grateful to Dickens, for had Thackeray been retained as an illustrator he might never have become an author.

Mr. Kitton has worked diligently and lovingly to make this book, and has had his reward, a reward by which we are profiting, for in these reproductions from the original drawings we are brought into

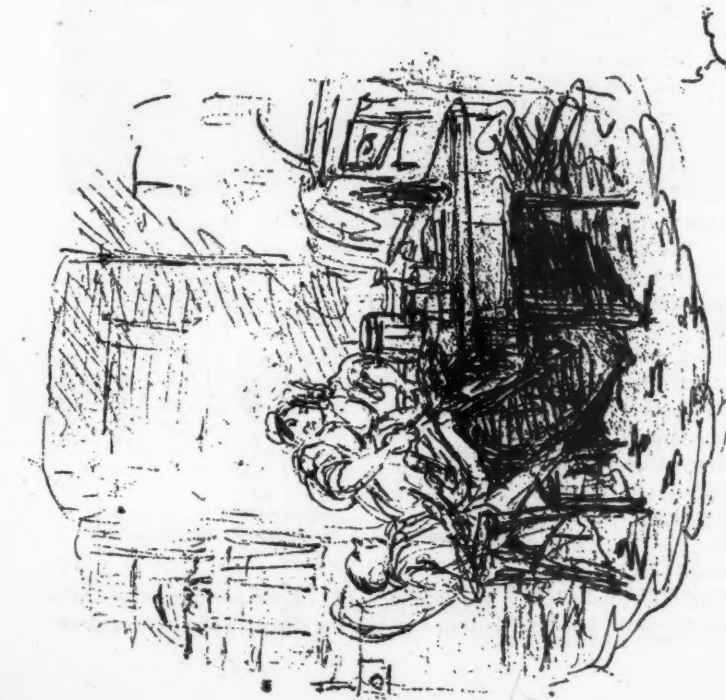
more intimate acquaintance with the famous illustrators. We see Dickens's hints and suggestions written across the sheet, and sometimes those of the artists who were anxious to meet his views. They did not always succeed, for as a matter of fact Mr. Kitton thinks that the novelist was usually disappointed with the results, and that he would rather have remained unillustrated. The very thought of such a possibility makes one shudder. "Oliver Twist" without Cruikshank, "Nicholas Nickleby" without "Phiz" could not be imagined. If the



"THE PICKWICKIANS IN MR. WARDLE'S KITCHEN"

Facsimile of an unused design for the "Pickwick Papers," by R. Seymour,
in the possession of Mr. Augustin Daly

illustrations of these stories did not seem to their writer to give a proper idea of his creations I can only say that his readers were more than satisfied. Is it possible that Dickens saw nothing grotesque in his Squeers, Fagin, or Chadband? I can hardly believe that he so little understood himself. In his letters to Cruikshank and Browne ("Phiz") he frequently expresses himself as pleased with their illustrations, notwithstanding the difficulties under which the latter so often worked, and he was overwhelmed by the death of Seymour before the artist had finished the illustrations for "Pickwick." If it be true that Dickens



MR. CLAYPOLE AS HE APPEARED WHEN HIS MASTER WAS OUT"
Facsimile of the original sketch for "Oliver Twist," by George Cruikshank



MR. BUMBLE DEGRADED IN THE EYES OF THE PAUPERS"
Facsimile of the original sketch for "Oliver Twist," by George Cruikshank

would have preferred to be unillustrated, it is certainly curious that, to the world at large, his illustrators are almost as important factors

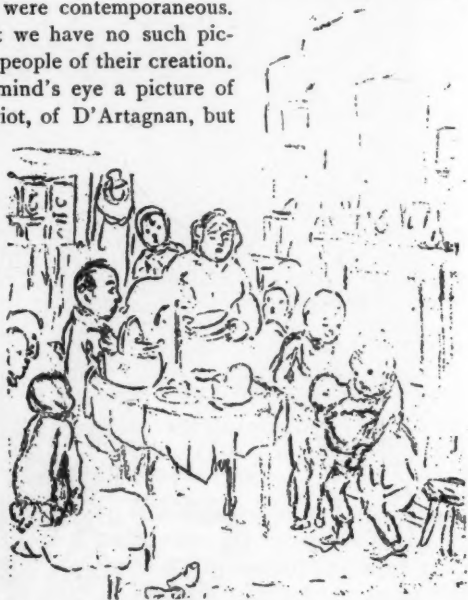


STUDIES FOR "MR. VENUS SURROUNDED BY THE TROPHIES OF HIS ART"
Facsimile of original sketches for "Our Mutual Friend," by Marcus Stone, R.A.

as the author. Scott, Balzac, Dumas—not one of these great writers owes anything to his illustrators. Indeed, I do not think that they had any—certainly none that were contemporaneous. And the result is that we have no such pictures before us of the people of their creation. We can see with our mind's eye a picture of *Ivanhoe*, of *Père Goriot*, of *D'Artagnan*, but another reader has another portrait in his mind, while all recognize the same *Micawber*, the identical *Pickwick*, the same *Fagin*, and the same *Sairy Gamp*.

The portrait of Dickens that forms the frontispiece of Mr. Kitton's book, which with other illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of the New Amsterdam Book Co., is from a scarce lithograph by Sol Eytinge, Jr., published by Messrs.

Fields, Osgood & Co. The late Mr. Osgood did not think that Dickens sat for it, but Mr. Eytinge saw him constantly while he was draw-



"THE TELLERBYS"

Facsimile of the original drawing for "The Haunted Man,"
by John Leech

ing it on the stone. The illustrations from the sketches by Cruikshank, Browne, Seymour, Buss, and Leech are published here for the first time outside the covers of Mr. Kitton's book. It may not be amiss to mention here that the Gadshill Edition of Dickens is illustrated from the original plates of these illustrators, duplicate sets having been engraved at the time the drawings were made.

J. L. G.



"A SOUVENIR OF DICKENS"

From an unfinished painting by W. R. Buss

Through Cupid's Glasses

THE gowans tilt their heads to peep
 When Helen passes,—
 To catch her e'e the birdies cheep
 Among the grasses;
 The glaikit bee, when she draws near,
 Forgets his clover,
 And hums a tune for Helen's ear,
 The sonsie rover!
 The sun abcon nae langer hies
 In dour repining,
 He 's caught her smile and garred the skies
 A' bright and shining.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

The Love-Letters of Two Poets

Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?
Do I live in a house you would like to see?

No: thanking the public, I must decline.
A peep through the window, if folk incline;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!

Friends, the goodman of the house at least
Kept house to himself till an earthquake came:
'T is the fall of its frontage permits you feast
On the inside arrangement you praise or blame.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL the letters that ever passed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning have now been published—all with one exception. In the two volumes before me* there are several hundred letters, and yet they do not cover two full years' time—from January, 1845, to September, 1846. They are all that ever passed between Miss Barrett and Mr. Browning, for after their marriage they were never separated. Their son, by whose authority the letters are given to the world, says that there were only two things to do—to publish or to destroy them. The decision might have been left to others after his death, but that, he thinks, would be "evading a responsibility" which he felt that he "ought to accept." Ever since Mrs. Browning's death these letters were kept by her husband "in a certain inlaid box, into which they exactly fitted, and there they have always rested, letter beside letter, each in its consecutive order and numbered on the envelope by his own hand." Browning destroyed all the rest of his correspondence, and not long before his death he said to his son, referring to these letters: "There they are, do with them as you please when I am dead and gone." I wonder if he had any suspicion of their fate. To have consented to their publication would not be in harmony with the lines quoted at the beginning of this review.

Many of these letters, some of the most impassioned, were written before their writers had met. "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett," Browning wrote, and he was soon saying the same thing of their writer. For a while they discussed literature and wrote bits of Greek back and forth. Even in the letters that breathed forth their souls they talked about other things, and Browning was quite fond of repeating good stories he had heard during the day. For example:

"I did not see Moxon—only the brother—who tells odd stories drily; one made me laugh to-day. Poor Mr. Reade, Landor's love, sent a book to Campbell the poet, and then called on him . . . to discover him in the very act of wiping a razor on a leaf torn out of the book, laid commodiously by his toilet-table for the express purpose."

Mrs. Browning, as is well known, was an invalid, and seldom left her room. Browning, on the other hand, was a thorough man-of-the-

* "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," 2 vols., with portraits. See *Lounger*. Harper & Bros.

world. "For me," he writes, "going out does me good—reading, writing, and, what is odd, infinitely most of all, *sleeping* do me the harm,—never any very great harm." Browning was naturally very anxious to meet his unseen correspondent, and day after day was fixed for a meeting, but it seemed as though there was always something to prevent—usually Miss Barrett's health. "Anguish," she wrote, "has instructed me in joy, and solitude in society"; and again:

"I may say that the earth looks the brighter to me in proportion to my own deprivations. The laburnum-trees and rose-trees are plucked up by the roots—but the sunshine is in their places, and the root of the sunshine is above the storms."

Finally a meeting was brought about with much secrecy and planning, for Mr. Barrett did not seem to realize that even if his daughter was an invalid she hungered for companionship, companionship of the heart as well as of the head.

"I shall be afraid of you at first [she wrote to Browning], though I am not in writing thus. You are Paracelsus, and I am a recluse, with nerves that have been all broken on the rack, and now hang loosely—quivering at a step and breath."

Browning appreciated the misery of her position, her "slavery" he called it, and wrote:

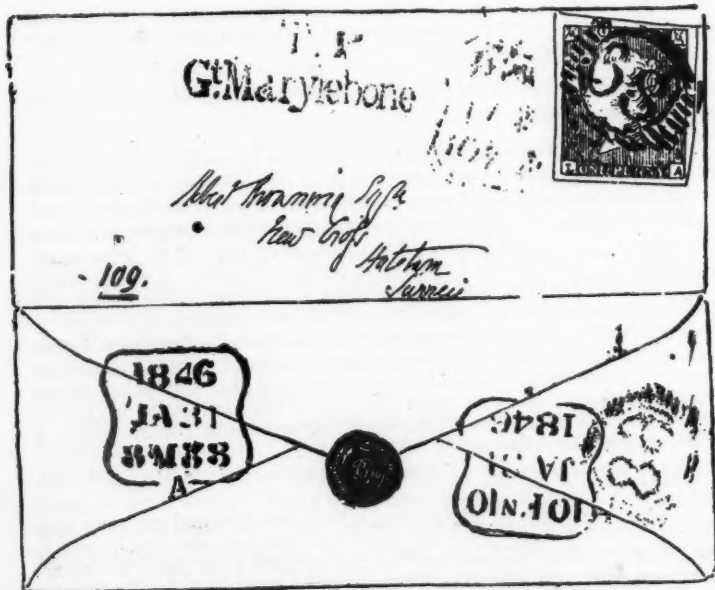
"I who *could* free you from it, I am here scarcely daring to write . . . though I know you must feel for me and forgive what forces itself from me, . . . what retires so mutely into my heart at your least word, . . . what *shall not* be again written or spoken, if you so will, . . . that I should be made happy beyond all hope of expression by. Now while I *dream*, let me once dream! I would marry you now and thus—I would come when you let me, and go when you bade me—I would be no more than one of your brothers—'*no more*'—that is, instead of getting to-morrow for Saturday, I should get Saturday as well—two hours for one—when your head ached I should be *here*. I deliberately choose the realization of that dream (of sitting simply by you for an hour every day) rather than any other, excluding you, I am able to form for this world, or any world I know.—And it will continue but a dream."

To this letter she replied:

"And now listen to me in turn. You have touched me more profoundly than I thought even *you* could have touched me—my heart was full when you came here to-day. Henceforward I am yours for everything but to do you harm—and I am yours too much, in my heart, ever to consent to do you harm in that way. If I could consent to do it, not only should I be less loyal . . . but in one sense, less yours. I say this to you without drawback and reserve, because it is all I am able to say, and perhaps all I *shall* be able to say. However this may be, a promise goes to you in it that none, except God and your will, shall interpose between you and me, . . . I mean, that if He should free me within a moderate time from the trailing chain of this weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose . . . whether friend or more than friend . . . a friend to the last in any case. So it rests with God and with you—only in the mean-

while you are most absolutely free . . . 'unentangled' (as they call it) by the breath of a thread—and if I did not know that you considered yourself so, I would not see you any more, let the effort cost me what it might. You may force me to feel: . . . but you cannot force me to think contrary to my first thought . . . that it were better for you to forget me at once in one relation. And if better for you, can it be bad for me? which flings me down on the stone-pavement of the logicians."

*And you? how can you? And to let me . . . say for help
Monday or Tuesday to be my day? If it were all for me
I should like to have my Monday— but Tuesday or Wednesday
would do as well— would they not? from your friend
shall I have a letter?*



From "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett."—Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

While these two poets pour out their souls to each other they do write of more commonplace things—of offers to publish her poems in America with a promise of ten per cent., and this in the days when there was no international copyright law! Then she asks him about his own poems and wants to know what he means "precisely" by his title "Bells and Pomegranates," and he writes back:

"The Rabbis make Bells and Pomegranates symbolical of Pleasure

and Profit, the Gay and the Grave, the Poetry and the Prose, Singing and Sermonizing—such a mixture of effects as in the original hour (that is quarter of an hour) of confidence and creation, I meant the whole should prove at last. Well, it *has* succeeded beyond my most adventurous wishes in one respect—'Blessed eyes mine eyes have been, if—' if there was any sweetness in the tongue or flavor in the seeds to *her*. But I shall do quite other and better things, or shame on me!"

At another time she writes of a parcel of books via Mr. Moxon:

" . . . Miss Martineau's two volumes—and Mr. Bailey sends his 'Festus,' very kindly. . . . and 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century' from America from a Mrs. or a Miss Fuller—how I hate those 'Women of England,' 'Women and their Mission,' and the rest. As if any possible good were to be done by such expositions of rights and wrongs."

And he writes of an American of whom Carlyle told him, who

"was commissioned by some learned body of his countrymen to ask two questions . . . 'What C.'s opinion was as to a future state?' and next, 'What relation Goethe was to Goethe's mother's husband?'"

Carlyle would have his joke on us!

Miss Barrett writes of the authors she has been reading—

"that wonderful woman George Sand; who has something monstrous in combination with her genius, there is no denying at moments (for she has written one book 'Leila,' which I could not read, though I am not easily turned back), but whom, in her good and evil together, I regard with infinitely more admiration than all other women of genius who are or have been. Such a colossal nature in every way,—with all that breadth and scope of faculty which women want—magnanimous, and loving the truth and loving the people—and with that 'hate of hate' too, which you extol—so eloquent, and yet earnest as if she were dumb—so full of a living sense of beauty, and of noble blind instincts towards an ideal purity—and so proving a right even in her wrong."

And of Balzac—

"a writer of most wonderful faculty—with an overflow of life everywhere—with a vision and the utterance of a great seer. His French is another language—he throws new metals into it . . . malleable metals, which fuse with the heat of his genius. There is no writer in France, to my mind, at all comparable to Balzac—none—but where is the reader in England to make the admission?—*none*, again . . . is almost to be said."

I confess it does hurt me when I see Mrs. Browning's pet name in print.

"So little it [her Christian name] seems my name that if a voice said suddenly 'Elizabeth,' I should as soon turn round as my sisters would . . . no sooner. Only, my own right name has been complained of for want of euphony . . . *Ba* . . . now and then it has—and Mr. Boyd makes a compromise and calls me *Elibet*, because nothing could induce him to desecrate his organs accustomed to Attic harmonies, with a *Ba*."

And it is "Ba" that Browning calls her all through his letters. When I see this name made public I think of her lines:

"I have a name, a little name,
Uncadenced for the ear,

Though I write books, it will be read
Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread
Across my funeral stone."

No, perhaps not, but what would she say to see it in type published to the world!

In defence of the publication of these letters one might urge the intimacy of the Sonnets from the Portuguese. To be sure they were disguised as translations, but no one ever doubted their application. Take this one on Browning's letters to her:

"This said . . . He wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it!—this, . . . the paper's light . . .
Said, *Dear, I love thee*: and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past."

After all, no one will think the less of the Brownings for these letters. On the contrary, they only serve to strengthen our reverence for their writers, who never belittled their love, but whose utterances were as noble as their lives.

J. L. G.

*The Stories of George W. Cable

THE attempt to explain why charm is charming is always a thankless task. There are other literary qualities which may be reduced to their constituents, and these last weighed and ticketed, but the charm of a tale, like that of a personality, is always irreducible, defying the critic and delighting the world at large, apparently elusive and yet, so far as fiction is concerned, the one indestructible element. A little charm carries far and lasts forever.

It is the possession of this element of charm that gave Mr. Cable's early work its immediate success and insured its lasting popularity. The long-famous collection of stories published under the title of "Old Creole Days" has, it is true, many more tangible excellences. The tales dealt with wholly fresh material, and opened, to Northern readers, a new world in a land which they had always vaguely apprehended to be the region of romance. This material was deftly handled. The stories were told in a manner sufficiently direct and vigorous to give the effect of intensity, and yet sufficiently deliberate and measured to

* Uniform edition: Charles Scribner's Sons.

convey the alluring golden atmosphere of a land where it is always afternoon. They were unencumbered with any lengthy, tiresome explanations of the social conditions which made the very essence of their dramatic intensity, and yet managed to make those conditions perfectly clear. They were full of the picture-conveying phrases which throw such strong illumination upon the background of a situation. For one instance out of a hundred, recall *Père Gerome's* dingy and carpetless parlor where "one could smell distinctly the vow of poverty," or the latter-day aspect of *Madame Delphine's* house, whose batten shutters are closed "with a grip that makes one's knuckles and nails feel lacerated." They appealed exquisitely to the finer feelings—we are all frankly glad when literature does that, perhaps because it is personally reassuring to find the finer feelings responding promptly to the appeal—and their handling of things emotional is always that delicate, sane, sweet touch which puts the emotions safe upon the high levels we would have them always keep. Even when they were painful stories, their pain was always on the side of righteousness or moral beauty. But chiefly they were playful, tender, human. Over their pages dripped softly the luxurious Creole-English which affects the eye and ear as honey does the palate. Whether charm subsists in the sum of all these qualities or is a product arising from their chemical combination, or is something behind and beyond them all, does not greatly matter if only the world is so cordially agreed concerning its presence as has been the case in "*Old Creole Days*." It is almost twenty years since these stories became a part of our literature, but the fact is one difficult to realize, since the book has the gift of the perennial youth and freshness always seeming to belong, if not exactly to the current hour, at least to a near and beloved yesterday.

Of a loveliness almost equal to "*Old Creole Days*" are Mr. Cable's stories of *Acadian Louisiana*, "*Bonaventure*" and the rest. It is only in facing the author's longer novels that the critic escapes from the tyranny of charm, and becomes able to use again the implements of his trade which the magnetic qualities of the other work we have been considering render useless for the time.

Perhaps the best test of the absolute finality of a man's call to labor in any field of art is found in his persistent devotion to the ends of art through middle age and after, and in the power his work shows of resisting the encroachment of the other mental interests which are naturally and righteously far more absorbing to the normal man than are the ends of art. The question is not only, to paraphrase Mr. James, "Can he keep his talent fresh when other elements turn stale?" but even more is it, "Can he keep his talent disentangled from his religion, his sense of affairs, his political perceptions, his historical sense, and all the invading horde of lively and legitimate interests which go to make up the intellectual life of a man beyond thirty?" The implication of the question is not, of course, that all these things cannot serve art, but rather that art must not serve them.

If one were to arraign any of Mr. Cable's work for any cause—and in its mildest form the labor is not a gracious one—it would be his novels, on the ground that they are overweighted with other than the human interest which is the compulsory one in fiction. Other things are good only so long as they make or explain personality; they begin to be bad when personality is made subservient to them. The law is as simple and as rigid as the law of ornament in design. Even in "The Grandissimes" the problem is more absorbing than the people. The book has the setting which so delights us in the shorter stories, and possesses many of their most alluring qualities, but the reader feels that the writer has studied so deeply the political and social aspects of life at that time and place, that he is possessed by the result of his study rather than by the personality of his creations. So, Louisiana in the early part of this century is more heroine than the ladies Nancanon and more hero than the brothers Grandissime or the studious Frowenfeld, to whom is assigned, indeed, what may be called a thinking part, since he does little save to act as mouthpiece for the reflections of his creator upon events and their causes, and to permit himself to be happily married in the end. There is, however, so much atmosphere in the book, and that of so suave a quality, that one may read it happily for the story's sake and be undisturbed by the elements which were dearer to the author than the story. In "Dr. Sevier" the atmosphere is less rich and the problem more insistent. The thread of the story is slender, and no personality in the tale is strong enough to carry on the interest from painful phase to more painful phase of its evolution. It is a study of the development of a man's comprehension of life and society through the most harrowing experiences of poverty and vicarious as well as personal suffering, and the reader, who has a right to be warm-hearted, reproaches the author for cruelty because his problem is dearer to him than the fortunes of John Richling, who might have been allowed to live and use his hard-won wisdom without any detriment to our respect for the processes by which he learned it. Just here one stops to reflect that carelessness of the individual is Nature's way as well as Mr. Cable's, and this would be an irresistible argument for the method were it not that the only ultimate use of fiction is to strengthen our belief in the power of personality and hide the mercilessness of Nature a little from our eyes:

"A veil to draw 'twixt God his law,
And man's infirmity;
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die."

In "John March," again, some of the questions of reconstruction dwarf to a certain extent our appreciation of the people who are solving the questions. The mental attitude which one thus seems to discern in these three books is essentially manly, intellectually vigorous, and natural, but it is not the attitude of one who is fundamentally an artist. Also, his attitude, while it does not make the books any less good to

read in a large way, does distinctly lessen their legitimacy and excellence as fiction. They have interest as history and ethics rather than as life and art. They hold us by chapters and pages rather than as wholes, because in them the writer's creative ability has been sacrificed to his power of reflection.

It seems safe to assume that this sacrifice must have occurred by conscious or unconscious choice, since Mr. Cable's novelettes and short stories give abundant evidence of his ability to tell a story that is a story, existing for its own sake and moving directly, if with the grace of leisure, to its appointed end. This being the case, we can only regret that the choice has been so made, for reflective work in literature is as plentiful as creative work is rare, and to spend upon the one a talent capable of the other seems an unpardonable rudeness to the gods who give of their best sparingly.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

The Fine Arts

The Clarke Collection of Paintings by American Artists

Is there any excuse for Americanism in matters of art? Our art was, at first, a reflection of the English school, then of the German, latterly of the French. But individual artists have won their way to distinction, and even in the work of the majority there is an American quality which should appeal to Americans. Mr. T. B. Clarke, whose private collection was recently dispersed at auction, was one of the first to perceive this, and to believe that American painters would not always be without honor in their own country. He began buying many years ago, most frequently from the artists and often while the picture was as yet unfinished, and gradually acquired many canvases of many kinds. Though each had its special merits, there were, it is probable, comparatively few to part with which cost the late owner more than a momentary pang. The group of thirty-one works by Winslow Homer should, perhaps, be given the first place among these. They included some early pictures of camp and "contraband" life during the Civil War, scenes of tropical color from the Bahamas, and several of the painter's intensely dramatic pictures of stormy weather on the Maine coast. An even longer list of works by the late George Inness included several of the artist's finest works of all periods. The prices obtained for Mr. Clarke's pictures must make the hearts of the believers in American art glow with pride. To think of an Inness bringing over \$10,000, and a Homer Martin over \$5000. Neither of these painters is paid any such prices during their lives (Mr. Clarke is said to have paid but \$400 for the Inness), and yet it was during their lives that

they painted these pictures. Inness was in comfortable circumstances at the time of his death but Homer Martin died desperately poor. Of living artists the pictures of Mr. Winslow Homer brought the highest prices. Here again the buyers showed their discrimination, for Winslow Homer is a great painter. The total of the four nights' sales amounted to \$234,495.00.

The exhibition of the American Water-Color Society at the National Academy of Design is a little smaller but also a little better than most previous displays of the Society. There are few pictures that stand out decidedly from the rest, but, then, there are not many that fall below the average, which is good. Mr. Albert Herter's picture, to which has been awarded the Evans prize, is well calculated to please the public. Its subject is a young woman in the quasi-classical costume of the First Empire, and holding a bouquet of roses. Other attractive pictures are Miss Clara McChesney's group of a mother and sleeping child; Mr. Laurence's "Lizard Head, Cornwall, England," an uncommonly good rendering of wave motion; Child Hassam's "Cottage in Kent," though it reminds one a little of a smaller man, Birke-Foster; Charles Mente's broad though somewhat theatrical "Golden Sunset"; Albert Sterner's very clever "Portrait of a Lady"; and George W. Maynard's "Seahorse" fantasy.

At the display of the Architectural League at the Fine Arts Building in West 57th Street, the most prominent exhibit is the heroic figure in plaster of "The Hewer," by Mr. Barnard in the centre of the Vanderbilt gallery. The figure is intended to form part of a group in marble illustrating the arts of primitive man. A cast of Mr. French's spirited bust of the late William M. Hunt stands in front of the scale drawing of the new Fifth Avenue front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, designed by him. It is in the classic style of the present south front, but ornamented by Corinthian columns in pairs and by groups of statuary. Among the models of new buildings is that of the house to be erected for Mr. Clarke of Montana at Fifth Avenue and 77th Street. It is in the French Renaissance style, with a domed staircase tower and sculptured dormers, and will be a distinct addition to the architectural beauties of the Avenue. In the outer hall is a group of decorative paintings and drawings by Mr. F. A. Bridgman which show an aspect of his many-sided talent little known to our public. Mr. A. Brewster Sewall's "Hecatomb" is his most satisfactory performance thus far. It is full of animation, light, and color. Mr. Kenyon Cox's allegorical frieze for the new Appellate Court building on Madison Square shows that this talented painter is not content to rest in the position already attained by him. The figures of Commerce, Peace, Plenty, and Labor explain themselves without the need of comment, and the color is as brilliant as is usual with Mr. Cox, and more harmonious. Mr. Otto Bacher's "Violet Time" is, for its author, a new departure worthy of notice. As an attempt to bring a

fresh breath of nature into decorative painting there is much to be said for it. The little nude urchins who are crowning their mother with violets and dandelions do not trouble themselves to imitate the conventional graces of Bouguereau's Cupids and the coloring is cold and a little raw, like that of actual spring weather. Perhaps some of this realism could be spared. Some small but interesting studies for stained glass by Mr. John La Farge, many studies of figures in crayon by Mr. Francis Lathrop, a "St. Cecilia" by Mr. A. S. Locke, and much interesting work in metal, wood, stamped leather, book-cover designs, and other forms of ornamental art, help to make up an uncommonly interesting exhibition.

Music

THE first performance in this country of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," unabridged and unexpurgated, has come and gone, leaving in its wake lots of talk and small prospect of another experiment of the kind. For a long time the most rabid of our Wagnerites have loudly asserted that every cut made in a Wagner score was a sacrilege, destructive of the very soul of the drama, and that consequently a performance of the great art-work of the century as given at Bayreuth was the one thing needed to fill our public with delight, and the anti-Wagnerites with confusion. Then only would the esoteric meaning of Wagnerism burst upon this benighted land and criticism be silenced forever. Mr. Grau was nothing loath, for the experiment offered a novelty. So we have had the Ring without cuts for the first and probably the last time. The performance began at an hour when people usually sit down to dinner and ended some time in the early morning.

As to the resulting artistic gain, there seems to be no discussion worth mentioning. It is admitted on all sides that the game was not worth the candle. The Wagnerian critics themselves confess that the thing cannot be done in a community where people want to dine at eight and get to bed by midnight, while the anti-Wagnerites have exhausted their stores of sarcasm and invective. It is said that Mr. Grau has received a lawyer's letter demanding damages upon behalf of a gentleman who, having dined several times on crackers and cheese, has since suffered agonies from indigestion and now sends his doctor's bill to the Metropolitan Opera House Company. I do not see why this gentleman is any more unreasonable than the Italian who requested Verdi to reimburse him for what he had spent to hear "Aida." The opera not being to his liking, he asked for his money back—so much

for tickets, so much for car-fares, so much for supper. And Verdi actually paid the bill, all but the item for supper.

It is an amusing and perhaps significant fact that where you hear one word about the Trilogy, you hear a score concerning the hardships undergone by those who wanted to know exactly what a Wagner music-drama was like as given in Bayreuth or Munich. Everything is discussed except the value of those restored scenes, which by common consent seem to have been dismissed as of no importance. I confess to a profound admiration for the Ring myself, and some of the greatest musical joys of my life have been the Wagner dramas as given in Munich, Dresden, and Berlin. But under our New York conditions the attempt to copy these performances is an absurdity. People cannot enjoy a long drama when they are hungry and tired, and New Yorkers cannot be otherwise when the curtain rises at seven and falls after midnight. Moreover, there are scenes in the Ring that nothing can save from being a weariness to the flesh. Wagner was a tremendous fellow who did everything upon a vast scale; where he nodded the results are tiresome. A fanatic Wagnerite may not confess as much, but he will take a quiet nap if the lights are turned low enough. I have known even Franz Liszt himself to snore gently while the dragon confided his sorrows to Siegfried. It may comfort the Abbé's admirers to know that so intensely musical was Liszt that, upon the occasion I speak of, he snored in a tone exactly one third lower than the dragon's drone, producing a really harmonious result.

While the regular concerts of the month have presented nothing of unusual importance, the song recitals by Mlle. Marchesi and MM. Maurel and Van Rooy have aroused interest among musical people. Mlle. Marchesi, a daughter of the famous teacher, made much of a small and colorless voice, thanks to good art, winning her chief laurels, as might be expected, in French songs, notably in Chaminade's graceful "Tu me dirais." That Van Rooy's big resounding organ was capable of tenderness we all knew before he appeared in recital, but no one could imagine how delightfully he would acquit himself in German *Lieder*, and that notwithstanding a curiously bad German pronunciation. As to Victor Maurel, whatever he attempts is sure to give pleasure. The exquisite voice with which he used to sing Gounod's "Printemps" twenty-five years ago has long since departed, but enough remains to enable him to make his incomparable art felt. Whether M. Maurel talks, declaims, or sings, the result is always a delight—the commanding artist is felt through it all.

P. G. HUBERT, JR.



Book Reviews

Biography and Gossip

1. *Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character.* By Hamlin Garland. Doubleday & McClure Co.
2. *The Emperor of Germany at Home.* By Maurice Leudet. Translated by Virginia Tylour. Dodd, Mead & Co.
3. *Alphonse Daudet.* By Léon and Ernest Daudet. Translated by Charles de Kay. Little, Brown & Co.
4. *Life and Works of the First Marquis of Halifax.* Edited by H. C. Foxcroft. Longmans, Green & Co.

BIOGRAPHY is always delightful. Not simply that it gratifies a natural curiosity to know something more of his fellow-men than is outwardly visible: that is not all. A far deeper cause is to be found in the universal recognition of the truth, so aptly expressed by Pope, that "the proper study of mankind is man." When the subject of the biography is one who has fairly won a niche in the Temple of Fame, and when the biographer has accomplished his task in a highly creditable manner, the pleasure, and indeed the profit, we derive from reading biography are proportionately enhanced. These conditions we find amply fulfilled in Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Life of Grant" (1). If the author has dwelt upon the strong points of Grant's character, he has made no attempt to gloss over the weak ones. It was this very quality of impartiality that gives such great value to the records of the ancient Hebrew writers. While the virtues of those they wrote of were duly set forth, their vices were not concealed. Mr. Garland has not given us a military history of General Grant. He has attempted a "characterization of the man Grant as he stands before unbiased critics"; and we cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that he has succeeded in making the reader not "a little," but much "better acquainted with Grant's great and singular character." In doing this he reminds us somewhat of Jaques's "seven ages" in "As You Like It." First the infant, exhibiting a wonderful predilection for horses. Next the school-boy cadet at West Point. Then the lover, captivated by the charms of Miss Julia Dent, whom he subsequently married. Then the soldier, yet never seeking, singular to relate, a "bubble reputation" either at the cannon's mouth or by any other means. Then filling the highest office in the gift of an appreciative people. Then the plain, unpretending citizen, with a trustfulness in his fellow-man, due to his own honesty, which led to serious embarrassments. And, "last scene of all," the sad passing away at Mount McGregor. The story is exceedingly well told, and no pains seem to have been spared to ensure accuracy in every essential particular.

It is a noticeable fact, and, in view of his successes, one to excite wonder, that with all his military training, beginning at West Point and carried on through the Mexican war, where he was conspicuous for gallantry and ability in his profession, Grant never discovered the slightest enthusiasm for military life. To use a familiar expression, he

was not in love with his profession. And although forced to resign, the severance of army ties does not appear to have cost him a pang. True, "he clung to his old army-coat as well for the associations connected with it as for economical reasons"; and he was always glad to meet, and eke chat, with his former companions-in-arms; but with the return to civil life he seems on the whole to have been content.

Grant's place in the list of "Great Captains" is yet to be assigned. He is still too near to us to admit of the proper perspective in which to view him. But that he was possessed of extraordinary qualities in common with some of the great captains is undoubted. His imperturbability in battle was quite equal to that of Marlborough, of whom it was said that never in the most trying times of war did he for a moment lose his admirable judgment. But neither in private life nor in political affairs would Marlborough's character bear investigation. In the hour of victory Grant was supreme. He exemplified the truth that "Mercy can only dwell with Valor." It was well observed by a military critic that the "gaunt relics of Lee's army were surrendered on terms so liberal, enforced in so delicate a manner, that one knows not whether the transaction reflects most credit on the victor or on the vanquished." Grant's course there, and his subsequent insistence that the terms of the surrender should be scrupulously observed, were the crowning acts of his life.

Like Wellington, Grant passed from a successful military career to the highest attainable office in civil life. Both were possessed of unimpeachable integrity, thorough honesty of purpose, and both were of the purest morals. But while Grant's first term as President was so successful as to win for him the suffrages of the people for a second term, the Duke, as Prime Minister, was, as shown by subsequent history, on the wrong side on almost every great question of the day. A truce to parallels! Let each one judge for himself. Those who admire Grant will find in these pages additional and substantial reasons for their admiration. Those who do not—if such there be—will learn to respect so high an exponent of American citizenship.

Before we enter upon a discussion of this work (2) of personal gossip regarding a man who is not great as yet, though of late he has taken his place among the first statesmen of Europe, it may be well to remind the reader of the fact that there is no "Emperor of Germany," especially not "at home," in the southern German states. William II. is German Emperor and King of Prussia—a vast difference, though we may assume that among his many quixotic aspirations that of some day being indeed master of Germany has not been entirely neglected. As to the book itself, it is based on a German work by Oscar Klaussman, whose flattery has been suppressed and replaced by the critical and satirical comments of a Frenchman, who on nearly every page gives unconscious evidence of his ignorance of all that transpires beyond the borders of his own country.

The main facts of the book, however, may be accepted without doubt of their accuracy. Such important historical facts as that the Emperor never wears a dressing-gown, and that he is a very strict parent, statistics regarding the number of his uniforms, the amount of his income, his capacity for work, descriptions of his palaces, his railway train, yacht, horses, gastronomical preferences, his taste in wines, the dresses of the Empress, court functions, the toys of his children, etc., may be taken on trust; the chapter on the Emperor's schemes is valueless on account of the author's limitations as a student of international politics. Another chapter, on the possibility of a visit of the

Emperor to Paris, contains the opinions of a number of more or less well-known French people and papers. It is remarkable, above all, for the comparative mildness of the opinion of Mme. Adam, whom, for some mysterious reason or other, a number of people continue to regard seriously as a factor in Franco-German diplomacy. However, Lincoln's dictum applies in its fullest force to this work; and there are plenty of people who like this particular kind of a book. Its best features are the portraits, many of which are now inaccessible elsewhere. The collection is certainly remarkable, and includes a picture of the pretentious monument in commemoration of William I. at Berlin, described by the biting humor of the people of the capital as "William in the Lions' Den." We may incidentally remark that "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," the first line of the German national hymn, does not mean in English "Hail to thy Victor's Wreath," or anything like it. But that is a detail.

M. Léon Daudet has not furnished a biography of his father in this book (3), nor even made an attempt at one. He has merely jotted down his reminiscences, brought out the broad outlines of the character of the man, the husband and father, by a selection of details that is remarkably effective as a bit of impressionistic work. The full value of this book will be appreciated only by those who have a previous knowledge of Daudet and his works, but for whom else could it have been written? A study of Daudet for those who have not read his books, lived with and in his characters, is inconceivable, since in the case of no other writer have life and work been so closely interwoven. The son has not been carried away by his admirable filial piety, his hearty devotion and whole-souled admiration for a fine and finished talent: the book is well balanced, critical, and bears the stamp of truth. Himself a man-of-letters, M. Léon Daudet has studied his great father with the impersonal sub-consciousness that is the fundamental gift of the true craftsman, and thus he shows us alternately the man and the author, and the close relationship—the identity, in fact—of the two. The pupil has treasured the teachings of the master, chronicled his observations on art, and preserved many hints that will be found of value by all who follow the difficult and overcrowded profession of the pen. We specially recommend to them the dialogue "Concerning the Imagination," but make haste to add that from first to last the book is of value to them in this regard.

This recommendation applies also to the latter part of Ernest Daudet's "Mon Frère et Moi." Alphonse's elder brother struggled side by side with him in their dark early days in Paris, and saw him rise to eminence, to world-wide fame, without one touch of envy, the foremost among his admirers, the truest of his friends. Daudet's life was his work: all his world was but a field of study for his books, and fortune favored him in giving him a brother who could encourage him in his early efforts, a wife who, herself an author, could aid him in his great career, and a son who certainly displays a profound appreciation and critical understanding of his talent.

In the preface to these two portly volumes (4), aggregating some eleven hundred pages, of which nearly eight hundred are devoted to the life and letters, the editor, Mr. H. C. Foxcroft, calls attention to "the comparative neglect which has overshadowed the reputation of the brilliant writer and statesman," George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax, though he has been highly eulogized by "authorities so varied and distinguished as Hume and Ranke, as Ralph, Mackintosh, and Macaulay." These have variously described him as "one of the finest

pamphleteers that have ever existed," as "a brilliant genius," as "the first statesman of his age," and the like. Macaulay, though differing from him in party, had for him an admiration which amounted almost to enthusiasm, and to the tribute paid Halifax in his "Essays" and his "History," the Marquis is mainly indebted for the degree of popular recognition he has attained.

If this failure to do justice to the talents and the works of the man is not now corrected, it will not be the fault of his new biographer and commentator, who has done his work with scholarly skill and thoroughness. While his estimate of Halifax is evidently as exalted as that expressed by any of the critics to whom we have referred, he has not obtruded his own opinion, but has given the reader every facility for forming an independent judgment. The evidence he adduces is cited, so far as possible, in the words of the original authorities, and means of verifying the quotations is afforded in frequent foot-notes. Disputed questions concerning historical points and the authenticity of works ascribed to Halifax (some of which have been much controverted) are discussed ably and impartially. Altogether, the volumes are an excellent sample of literary labor in this particular line. If they err at all, it is on the side of prolixity; but if this is the verdict of American readers, we can imagine that it may not be endorsed by the countrymen of the Marquis. Critical students of the minutiae of political and literary history, on either side of the Atlantic, will value the work for reference and special investigations in the annals of the seventeenth century.

The works of Halifax, included in the latter half of the second volume, are the famous pamphlet on "The Character of a Trimmer"—in which he indirectly defends himself as an honorable and patriotic example of the class; "The Character of King Charles II."; "The Lady's New-Year's Gift, or Advice to a Daughter"—which is singularly shrewd and sensible, blending paternal affection with worldly wisdom in a manner that often reminds us of his famous grandson, Chesterfield, in his "Letters" to his son; "A Letter to a Dissenter"; "The Anatomy of an Equivalent"; "Maxims of State"; "A Royal Draft of a New Model at Sea"; "Some Cautions on the Choice of Members of Parliament"; "Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections"; and the brief "Character of Bishop Burnet," which the editor believes to have been from the pen of Halifax, though its authorship is not clearly established. Of much of the political matter we may say with Bishop Warburton that "we lose half the worth by not knowing the occasion"; but we cannot help enjoying the style, which all the critics have delighted to praise. An appendix considers the claim of certain works attributed to Halifax which the editor gives good reasons for rejecting. An index of forty-one pages completes the two volumes. There are also two portraits of Halifax; one after the engraving by Houbraken, the other from the medallion on the monument in Westminster Abbey.

Recent Fiction

1. *An Angel in a Web.* By Julian Ralph. Harper & Bros.
2. *Old Chester Tales.* By Margaret Deland. Harper & Bros.
3. *Silence, and Other Stories.* By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Bros.
4. *Stories in Light and Shadow.* By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
5. *The Adventurers.* By H. B. Marriott-Watson. Harper & Bros.

AN apprenticeship to the material world seems not to be the best preparation for writing about the world spiritual. This is a mild way

of stating the chief impression produced upon a reader's mind by "An Angel in a Web" (1). Give Mr. Julian Ralph something tangible to describe, railroads or wheat-fields or Chinese bric-à-brac, it matters little what, and he turns out very complete and interesting accounts of these matters. But let him loose in a sub-spiritual world of his own devising, whose inhabitants are occupied in controlling the affairs of their surviving relatives on this planet, and he loses the merits of a descriptive writer without acquiring those of a novelist. Dealing with fact he is clear, definite, and picturesque; dealing with fiction he is turbid, confusing, commonplace. His "Etherians" are lumpish, unspiritual creatures for whom dying has apparently been as profitless as living. The heroine of the story, Laura Balm, is a young girl who is made to pass through all kinds of dangers before securing her proper heritage and rightful position in the world. She has an Etherian army and several Etherian friends, one of whom is always at hand in an emergency to instil comfort by soundless words or automatically written messages. Being so effectively chaperoned from the spirit-world, Laura arrives at the end of her troubles in safety. After what is positively her final miraculous rescue, she rises from a fainting fit and goes to a desk where the pen almost leaps from her fingers before she can control it, while these words spin behind it: "Good-by, Laura. In pain and sorrow call on Editha."

It will be seen that a spirit-chaperone is something no family should be without. The author does not at any point make it clear that he takes these supernal conveniences seriously, but if he does not, how can he have the patience to write about them? The book is an unwholesome hybrid, neither novel, romance, nor good, old-fashioned ghost story. It is a mixture of Sunday-school book, "shilling shocker," and "Borderland" literature, and the combination is not happy.

This is one of the most delightful and satisfactory volumes (2) its author has yet published. As the title indicates, it deals with that charming village whose ways and manners are becoming increasingly dear and familiar to Mrs. Deland's readers. The best part of "John Ward" to most of us was not the soul struggles of the Calvinist in contact with life, but the idyllic scenes of country life with which the book began, and from that time to this, whenever Mrs. Deland has touched single-heartedly upon that environment and those who people it, she has been uniformly at her best. Her recent collection of tales, "The Wisdom of Fools," was essentially a book of problem-stories, in which problem overpowered personality. In "Old Chester Tales" we still have the problem here and there, but it is the pretext for the story rather than the purpose of it. Ethical interest is subordinated to human interest, as it always must be in any vital fiction.

Old Chester in its completeness stands for the leisurely, dignified, self-respecting life of the country town as it used to be and in some highly favored corners still is. It stands for the old school of manners and of thought. We have changed all that and perhaps improved it, but we have not yet succeeded in forming characters which have, even for ourselves, the sweetness and attractiveness of those produced under the old régime. Stories about them are, frankly, more interesting than stories about ourselves because we suspect the personages to be of better stuff than we. Dr. Lavendar's views of life deserve more consideration than those of any other priest we know in current fiction, and Miss Maria, the Misses Jay and their younger counterparts, Dorothea Ferris and Mrs. Willy King's sister Lucy, delight us more than all the strictly up-to-date heroines with complete outfits of the latest ideas.

The prime merit of "Old Chester Tales" is this old-fashioned loveliness. After that come all the merits of conception and execution needful to make the book as acceptable to the head as to the heart. Surely no one needs to be told, at this late day, with what delicacy and sympathy Mrs. Deland does such work as this. She has the exquisite touch as well as the comprehending mind.

Once more the time has come for the gathering up of another bundle of Miss Wilkins's short stories (3). Six more are added to their number, each of them bearing the marks of that artistic restraint and that delicate finish which are so characteristic of her work. These qualities, together with what one may term their evidential value, as the concentrated essence of much patient study in New England history, and as the transmitters of its spirit to those who have not lived so close to it, differentiate them from the merely ephemeral fiction which is turned out in such profusion nowadays, and render them well worthy of the permanent form they have now received. In these keynotes of her work, Miss Wilkins finds a ready analogy in her own Evelina, perhaps the most daintily pathetic creation of the book. "She would not let a rose leaf fall and waste in the garden soil, or a sprig of lavender or thyme. She gathered them all, and stored them away in chests and drawers and old china bowls—the whole house seemed laid away in rose leaves and lavender. Evelina's clothes gave out at every motion that fragrance of dead flowers which is like the fragrance of the past, and has a sweetness like that of sweet memories."

The title story is a tragic tale of the Deerfield massacre, and of Silence Hoyt's faithful watching for her lover, carried away captive into Canada. The others range in date from the witchcraft trials at Salem to the Millerite movement of 1843. Through them all run the threads of pathos, of love, and of humor, whose skilful blending is one of the book's beauties. Thus the grim horror of the days when the powers of evil were thought to stalk visibly abroad in the land is relieved by the sweet figure of the little maid in the door, smiling as though all her griefs were well over; by the rugged sternness of the "New England Prophet," with his denunciations of an ungodly world; by the shrewd, humorous scepticism of his brother Simeon, whose whimsical triumph over the disappointed fanatics forms a clever and original termination to a strongly realistic episode. Thoroughly original also are two stories of delayed love—"The Buckley Lady" and "Evelina's Garden"—and irresistibly touching, despite a ludicrous note of incongruous modernity imparted by the likeness of the lover in the illustration at page 132 to the well-known figure of a recent ambitious candidate for both civil and military honors.

By an error very difficult to avoid, the archaic dialect is possibly a trifle exaggerated here and there, as in the too frequent substitution of "be" for "am" and "are," but one is not disposed to quarrel with details in face of the harmony of the whole composition. The artistic imagination will linger over suggestive touch after touch; and the student of the past (now that New England, by the sweeping tide of immigration and the defection of the younger generation from the standards of their fathers, is changing out of knowledge) will welcome these vivid presentations of days already strangely remote.

The American consul for Schlachtstadt appears to have been impressed, like most Americans in Europe, with the militarism of these old countries (4), something as yet so novel to them that it seems unreal. "There were soldiers standing on street corners; soldiers staring woodenly into shop windows; soldiers halted suddenly into stone, like

lizards, at the approach of Offiziere; Offiziere lounging stiffly four abreast, sweeping the pavement with their trailing sabres all at one angle. . . . And they, one and all, seemed to be *wound up*. . . . In the band of their caps—invariably of one pattern—was a button, in the centre of which was a square opening or keyhole. The consul was always convinced that through this keyhole opening by means of a key the humblest corporal wound up his file, the Hauptman controlled his lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, and even the general himself, wearing the same cap, was subject through his cap to a higher moving power." This apparently useless parade of arms and mechanical discipline, with which we are only just beginning to become acquainted, is the undernote in "Unser Karl," which heads the list of "Stories in Light and Shadow," the latest of Bret Harte's productions. Unser Karl is a "military deserter," who had emigrated to America in early youth and had returned to the fatherland without his naturalization papers, for the express purpose, as it turns out, of being arrested, pressed into military service, sent to a fortress, of studying its defences, and escaping and selling his information to the French. He is an Alsatian.

By way of extreme contrast to this effete, despotic Europe, with its fortresses and its intelligence departments, we have stories of "Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy," partners in the mining business at Cedar Camp, ever since that year of glory, 1849; and we have generous gambling for big stakes, and the free and fragrant breath of nature, and the hopeful cynicism and reckless beneficence of the American of the near past. See Yup is one of those ideal laundrymen to whom, possibly, belongs the future, for they have a more than Anglo-Saxon genius for imitation and the severely practical. "The Man and the Mountain" and "The Passing of Enriquez" are excellent stories of the well-known Californian sort—tailings from the old claim, but rich. "The Desborough Connections" and "Salomy Jane's Kiss" are not quite so good, but are decidedly readable.

The tide of the novel of adventure has not yet commenced receding, and it may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that whatever new contribution to its waters is made by the author of "Galloping Dick" must needs be of good quality. Not the least successful among the devices employed by the teller of stories of adventure is that of placing nineteenth-century personages among old-time conditions, witness "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Watson, too, has made the experiment, and has produced a story that is full of life, action, and peril from first to last, while happily the element of unreality, which mars so many tales of this kind, is absent once the reader readily accepts the author's main proposition, which, in this instance, is absolutely feasible and even probable.

A hidden treasure seems to be a hackneyed subject *per se*; but its possibilities have evidently not yet been exhausted, as is proved by this chronicle of the events through which "The Adventurers" (5), pass. Every one of the incidents narrated here may have happened, may be true, and to this the story owes its sustained and breathless interest. The time of the action is placed somewhere in the eighties; the country of the Lords of the Marches and London itself are the scenes; yet the events themselves would better befit the eighteenth century, or even the Middle Ages, if they did not befit Queen Victoria's reign so well. We have here a debonair, gentlemanly criminal, after Stevenson's very heart, a treacherous servant, no less well drawn, and a crew of cutthroats to do their bidding; and opposed to them as merry and

daring a lot of swashbucklers as ever took the law into their own hands and were justified by the result. The plot we leave for the reader to follow in its development from chapter to chapter. Suffice it to say that he will be splendidly entertained, and gratified at the end.

Natural Science

1. *The Groundwork of Science*. By St. George Mivart. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
2. *North America: the United States*. By Henry Gannett. London: Edward Stanford.
3. *The Tides*. By George Howard Darwin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

To those who are interested not only in natural science but in the intellectual nature of the men who have had a share in shaping that body of learning, Dr. Mivart's works will always be attractive. Because he is of the Roman Catholic faith, and for the reason that he is to be ranked as perhaps the foremost naturalist who has steadily and ably opposed the Darwinian hypothesis, at least in its general application, he stands apart from his fellow-students. This isolation has given a peculiarly independent quality to his work, which is marked in this treatise on Epistemology, or a discourse on the laws of understanding. The author's object is to give a general account of the more evident conditions which determine the access which the human mind has to knowledge concerning itself and the external world. On this account he seeks to found certain rules which may—indeed must—guide all scientific enquiry. In this task he finds his beginning in the assumption "that our intellect's declaration, as to what is here and now certainly and self-evidently true, is our supreme guide, and the most powerful and effective instrument for our use in every enquiry we make." By this position he is set against all forms of the idealistic school of philosophy: he holding firmly to the ancient and instinctive belief in the essential objective reality of the external world; holding it not alone on the basis of instinct but with an admirably cogent argument for its verity. As a whole, this discussion of what is perhaps the most important of all metaphysical questions to the student of nature affords the best popular presentation of the matter we have seen. The account of the physical antecedents of science, *i. e.*, the mechanism by which the mind obtains through sensations the basis of its knowledge of things, is well suited to the needs of the beginner, though it by no means compasses the field. Because he felt himself fully a master of this part of his subject the author has been less careful of his statements than elsewhere. There are places, indeed, where it reads as if it had been delivered as an extemporaneous, popular lecture, and not well revised in the proof-sheets. Thus (page 115), we read that "the essential organ of hearing in men (and in back-boned animals) consists," etc. The uninitiated would conclude that man was not to be classed as a *back-boned* animal, which is clearly not the idea Dr. Mivart would convey. In his discussion of the facts and theories connected with the problem of animal intelligence, Dr. Mivart deals with matters of the highest interest to all men who are inclined to question nature. He regards the creatures below our kind as essentially unintelligent in the sense in which we apply that term to men: looking upon their actions as done in another mental plane from that in which we normally dwell. As to the origin of the marvellous instincts of these lower creatures, he does not seek to give an account, being content, apparently, to leave the question where it needs must, for the present, be

left—in the realm of the unknown. Though proposing no solution of it, he makes a strong argument against the use of the theory of natural selection in the effort to account for the evidently unintelligent but marvellously well guided actions of the lower animals.

This volume (2) is one of the excellent series comprised in "Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel": the companion volume for this continent, that treating of Canada and Newfoundland, being by Dr. S. E. Dawson. Mr. Gannett has had a training which peculiarly fits him for his task, and the writers of the twelve volumes include A. R. Wallace and other well-known names in science. The first and most important chapter of this book is devoted to a condensed statement of the geographic features of the United States. It is misnamed a general view of the continent; but this error, though it is perpetrated in the head-lines, does not lessen the value of the account, which gives by far the best summary of these features, so far as the central part of North America is concerned, which is accessible to the reader. So, too, the chapters on climate, fauna and flora, geology and mineral remains, and on population are admirable for their clearness and sufficiency. It may be objected to the story of negroes and their slavery in this country, that the author has probably much over-estimated the number imported, when he asserts that "altogether probably millions of the African race were brought to the United States." It is true, as he says, that statistics on this subject are lacking; but considering the immediate and perfect adaptation of the negro to the conditions of the environment which he found in this country, his fecundity, and the care which his money value ensured him, the number of the race at the time (1790) of our first census, about three fourths of a million, does not warrant the supposition that many hundred thousand had been brought in before that date. Thence to 1808, when the slave trade was abolished, the importation was not large; in fact, the law which ended it followed a noteworthy decrease of the traffic. As the negroes, at least during the period of slavery, so far as we know, increased at about the same rate as the whites, there seems no reason to believe that "millions" ever found the hard way from Africa to our shores.

The account of the Indians, in general, is good, showing in a compact and clear way the statistical position of this people and the distribution of their tribes. The statements concerning the character of the folk will be objected to by many who know them well, and who will not agree with the author that cowardice and cruelty can be affirmed of all the very varied tribes,—tribes that vary, one from another, even more than do Italians from Englishmen. So, too, he fails to take account of the considerable intellectual capacity of some of our Indians: a capacity shown in many ways, notably by the rapid utilization by them of the alphabet, or rather syllabary, invented by the great Sequoia, himself a half-breed. The evidence indeed goes to show that some of the tribes had attained an intellectual, if not an economic estate, which should rank them above the grade of savages. The chapter on the Civil and other wars is justified only by the fact that the plan of the work seems to have demanded it. Within the limits of the work the story of these episodes could not possibly be told to advantage, even by a most skilled historian. The result is an inadequate account of matters which do not much interest those who will consult the work. We note that in the story of the Civil War there is no mention of the campaign between the armies of Bragg and Buell in 1862 terminating in the battle of Perryville, one of the most curious, if not one of the most important campaigns in modern history.

Also that by a misprint the appearance of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads is given as in March, 1852. The other chapters afford all that is needed to complete an admirable summary account of the natural resources and government of the country. The maps are excellent and numerous; the illustrations, mostly half-tone reproductions of photographs, are well selected. In all that relates to the physical conditions of the central part of North America this compendium will be found very valuable.

This is an attempt (3), and we may say at once a successful attempt, to accomplish the difficult task of popularizing the most abstruse questions relating to the laws governing the phenomena of tides and the motions of the heavenly bodies. A mathematical argument may be "simply organized common-sense," as the author observes; but it is universally admitted that "common-sense" is a most uncommon gift. To discuss scientific questions for the edification of "the million," presupposes a certain amount of elementary knowledge of the subject under discussion, on the part of the reader. Even with this, it needs a special talent "to shell away," as the author expresses it, "the apparatus of investigation and the technical mode of speech from the thing behind it." In this effort "to explain to a larger public the reasoning which lies behind his mathematical notation," the author has succeeded.

Tidal force is shown to be the resultant of opposing centrifugal and centripetal forces,—that is to say, the sun and moon are tide-generating forces. "The moon whirls around the earth at such a rate and distance that her resistance to circular motion, called centrifugal force, is counterbalanced by the centripetal tendency to gravity" (page 93). "The moon and the earth go around the sun in companionship once a year, but this annual motion does not affect the interaction between them. . . . When the principle involved in a purely lunar tide is grasped, the action of the sun in producing a solar tide will become obvious." From the discussion of tides, as they are known to navigators, the author passes on to the dynamical theory of the tide wave; harmonic analysis of the tide; tide tables and tidal friction. Under the last caption is a very interesting passage on the genesis of the moon. Later on we have the evolution of celestial systems. The work concludes with a very clear account of Saturn's rings. Space does not admit of a detailed notice of this very instructive work, but we may refer to the description of the "bore," the most remarkable example of which is to be found on the Tsien-Tang-Kiang River, China. Observations were made at Rambler Island, near the mouth of the river, and Haining, twenty-six miles above, September, 1888. "At midnight of the 20th," says the account, "the water had risen twenty-one feet at Rambler Island, but had not risen at all at Haining. At midnight the strain broke down and the bore started and rushed up the river in a wall of water twelve feet high. After the bore had passed there was an after rush that carried the water up eight feet more." It was in this that the junks were swept up the stream (page 66).

What is sometimes miscalled a tidal-wave (a term of which the author does not approve) is a disturbance of the sea-level by an earthquake. Occasionally these disturbances are sudden, violent, and fortunately of short duration. In November, 1867, the U. S. S. *Monongahela*, Captain Bissel, while lying at anchor at Santa Cruz, was caught by such an upheaval of the sea, and landed high and dry upon the beach. Singular to say, she was so little injured by this rough treatment that she was subsequently launched on ways constructed by

a gang of ship carpenters sent from the United States for the purpose. The *Monongahela* is still in active service.

The U. S. S. *Waterlee* was not quite so fortunate. She was lying off Arica, Peru, in the summer of 1868, when an immense wave rolled in from the sea, picked her up and landed her well inland, where she remains to this day. Her hull and apparel were sold. The hull was converted into a hotel, and is used as such to this day. We wish the author had dwelt more upon this order of phenomena instead of confining it to the seiches of lakes.

A Company of Recent Poets

1. *Impressions*. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Copeland & Day.
2. *From Dusk to Dusk*. By Cale Young Rice, Nashville, Tenn.
3. *The Song of the Wave*. By George Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.
4. *The Wayfarers*. By Josephine Peabody. Copeland & Day.
5. *Poems*. By P. H. Savage. Copeland & Day.
6. *Labor and the Angel*. By D. C. Scott. Copeland & Day.
7. *The Christ*. By O. C. Auringer and J. Oliver Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
8. *Songs of Good Fighting*. By E. R. White. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

THANKFUL may he be,—the reviewer of the New Year's output of verse,—if at the beginning of his labors his hands and heart are lightened by this little volume of "Impressions" (1). Nothing could be sweeter, sounder, or more informed throughout with the true lyrical spirit, than this charming singer's sequence of verses, "A Love Story," in which the varying moods of feminine mobility in the great episode of a woman's life are set forth. The ingenious titles of the pieces are themselves half-poems, and naively trace the progress of the tender passion. Moreover, as regards metrical form and verbal phrase, which are here always characterized by regularity and clarity, Miss Perry betrays no imitative tendency: she is just herself, and that self finds most fitting representation in the perfect little lyric entitled "No Letter from Him," which we give entire:

"Hast half forgot me? Once I was thy mind.
Dost but half love me? Once I was thy heart.
What once thou gav'st me left no more behind.
I give all back, nor care to keep a part.
Where once I reigned, I leave an empty throne,
But fill it worthily, I ask alone."

"From Dusk to Dusk" (2) was probably not intended to indicate the "shadiness" of certain selections to be found under this titular device, but the words do indicate the remedy best employed in the case of such poems as "The Minister's Wife" and "Of the Flesh." And yet we will so far contradict our own recommendation as to quote the opening lines of the latter poem:

"We met upon the street,
Quick passion flirled from the eye of each,
No dilettante heat."

The volume is dedicated to the author's father and mother, and is published by The Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House. We would recommend that the synod hereafter thoroughly examine, previously to publishing, the works of this young author, and that parental restraint be exercised as well.

There is scholarship, there is evident acquaintance with the best in poetry, there is even good mastery of poetic form and movement, in the contents of this volume (3). The poet, too, has honestly felt how the

Muse has been crippled by the clipping of the wings of Romance in our modern days. He grieves thereat with a wellnigh hopeless grief, dedicates his jeremiads to Leopardi, frequently quotes the Italian poet, and also invokes Schopenhauer. And yet Mr. Lodge so far shakes off his chilliness as to give us a stirring song in praise of "The Norsemen"; while "Serenade" attests that lyric tenderness is not impossible to this disciple of Leopardi.

"The Wayfarers" (4) of Miss Peabody and their elusive quest are foreshadowed by a stanza from the *Vita Nuova* which she significantly places on the title-page. How shall the wayfarers express what they have seen, how shall the singer embody the vision she has had and make it apparent to all eyes? This note of mystical and half-disappointed, yet ever-renewed, quest is repeated again and again. As upon the song of Mrs. Piatt, a seldom lifting shadow lies athwart the woof and warp of this younger poet's weft of verse. Yet has she gifts to make her glad. She has had fleeting glimpses of "The Dryads," and she has found herself in happier moods "Befriended":

"The winds come by from east and west,
With pleasant passing words,
I warm my hands in sunset,
And share my bread with birds."

Something of the gratuitous dogmatism and crotchety sententiousness of the late Emily Dickinson we find in Mr. Savage's (5) annunciatory quatrain:

"Spinoza polished glasses clear,
To view the heavenly hemisphere,
I verses, that my friend therethrough,
My arc of earth may rightly view."

This orphic tone we recognize, and call it "New England." But here and there through this little volume are many living pictures of New England: fields, woods, and stream sides. Some are so good, and so evidently bespeak the author's genuine love for nature (as in "The Maple Tree" and "New England"), that we can scarce forgive him the couplet:

"No forward aspen-leaf or oak
Has through his leathern jacket broke."

Another lover of nature we also have here in the author of "Labor and the Angel" (6), who at times treats the divinity with an almost jocular familiarity. We have, for instance, on his very first page an excellent description of the fitful autumn sunlight, which

"Touching with patches of gold
The knolls and the hollows,
Crosses the lane,
And slips into the wood;
Then flashes a mile away on the farm,"

but we also have in the same breath

"Cheek by jowl, arm in arm,
The shadow's afoot with the shine."

We are sorry to say, moreover, that we do not understand the convolutions of meaning Mr. Scott has put into his poem of "Angelus"; especially vague are we as regards the "married drones and overtones," which he fancies spread into shapes that shine

"With the aura of the metals"

composing the bells. And alas! the refrain he employs profanely reminds us of that in a negro melody, "And he hit him in the eyeball—*bim!*"

Appealing to a limited parish—we use the word advisedly—is the volume, of joint authorship, entitled "The Christ" (7). The work of N. P. Willis in the same field has become a classic, albeit the "stretched metre" of the ancient biblical tale. It is a question whether aught in the present volume deserves to be placed alongside of the poet just mentioned; for a certain sophistry has entered into the enlarged text, —a sophistry Browningsque in flavor, and perhaps in its origin to be traced back to such poems as "An Epistle" and "Cleon." However, in the narrative (purporting to be that of a wandering Arab), which describes the signs and wonders witnessed during the forty days of "The Temptation," there is considerable imagination; also some vigorous lines are to be found in the very fair blank verse employed. Less ambitious but very sweetly expressed are the ideas in the brief poems, "Lily of the Valley" and "Lesson of the Sparrow."

We are convinced that a worse master to follow there cannot be than the at present universal charmer, Rudyard Kipling! He is followed—at a long range—by the author of "Songs of Good Fighting" (8). In the "Song of Sankin's Men" and "Of the Lost Ship" we perceive a glimmer of sanity, whereupon we might almost predict better things yet to be from this swashbuckler on the high seas of verse. But we give up in despair when we hear "The Buccaneer's Toast." And as to the astonishing performance which closes the book, wherein the Sea is represented addressing the entire Western Continent as "Ye wastrel spann of land," and wherein the Great Lakes trippingly describe themselves as now "chaunting runes of wrath," as now "lissome with limpidity,"—we have no words to express our admiration of the novel and versatile *prosopopœia* at the author's command.

Two Master Painters

1. *Leonardo da Vinci. By Eugène Muntz. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*
2. *Gainsborough and his Place in English Art. By Walter Armstrong. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

So much has been done in the way of publishing selections from Leonardo's manuscripts and correspondence, in photographing his real and supposed paintings and drawings, and in criticism both constructive and destructive of these, that it would seem that a man of M. Muntz's learning and opportunities ought to be able to give us a new and clearer view of this remarkable genius (1). He has brought together liberal selections of facts from the publications of Richter, Ravaisson-Mollien, Beltrami, the Roman Accademia dei Lincei, and others; he has catalogued the Windsor Castle collection of drawings; he has advanced certain views as to the genesis of some of Leonardo's pictures and hazarded a guess, now and then, as to the authenticity of pictures and drawings generally considered doubtful, but that is all. Any intelligent compiler, able to read three or four languages and to spend a year or two in travel, might have done almost as well. He cannot be said, to use his own words, to have "penetrated more profoundly than his predecessors into the inner life of his hero." The chapters which he gives us on Leonardo's position towards the occultism of his day, on his religious belief and artistic teaching, contain nothing of importance that is new. Nor is his sketch of the court of Ludovico il Moro very brilliant. We might almost say that the reader who wishes to gain

some idea of Leonardo and his time, and of his importance to science and art, will get more out of Pater's short essay than out of M. Muntz's two large volumes.

Pater follows Vasari as to Leonardo's boyhood and youth, makes him of noble family though illegitimate, and delicately brought up. M. Muntz gives us from the Lincei papers a genealogy which shows that the great artist's ancestors for several generations had been notaries. His father, indeed, had amassed property, and owned part of a house in Florence, where he mostly resided; but the residence at Vinci was most likely an ordinary country dwelling, bare and ill-furnished like those of his neighbors, and not "half castle, half farm" as Pater makes it. Vinci, of which M. Muntz gives a view, is a small town perched on a hilltop, surrounded by rugged heights and valleys filled with olive groves. But there appears to be nothing of the caves and cones and ledges of stratified rock which Leonardo was so fond of introducing into his pictures; and, as to the origin of this Leonardesque landscape, M. Muntz seems inclined to think that it was evolved half from the conventional landscape of the Primitives, half from some acquaintance with the dolomite country of northern Italy, as Humboldt has suggested. Pater treats as authentic the Medusa head in the Uffizi which Muntz, reluctantly following the majority of modern critics, ascribes to some later painter. On the other hand, Muntz has no doubts about the "St. John the Baptist" in the Louvre, which Pater supposes to be by Luini. Dr. Richter's conjecture, founded on certain of Leonardo's papers and sketches, that the artist had spent some years in the East as engineer in the service of the "Sultan of Babylon," M. Muntz treats as baseless; but Richter seems to have the best of the argument.

Our author goes into a good deal of detail about Leonardo's sketches and other preparatory work for the painting of the "Last Supper," and the colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; and, in regard to the artist's second residence in Florence, several questions relating to the "Saint Anne" in the Louvre, the "Battle of Anghiari," and the "Mona Lisa" are entered into at considerable length. There is a picture of the Château de Cloux presented to the painter by Francis I., in which he died. It has been repaired, and is inhabited—a very charming specimen of the early French Renaissance.

M. Muntz adds little or nothing to what was already known of Leonardo as philosopher, scientist, and engineer. Leonardo's notes still await a careful and competent editor. They cannot be treated as dreams, for too many of the hints contained in them have been turned to practical use, and too many have been supported by later discoveries. Nor can they be called mere lucky conjectures, for every now and then we come upon views of a breadth and boldness to bring them into line with the most advanced speculations of our own day. M. Muntz amuses himself with demolishing the fancies of Gabriel D'Annunzio and of Symonds that Leonardo was a mystical philosopher and wonder-worker like Paracelsus or Campanella. His pupils, Rustici and Da Peretola, played with alchemy and the like, as did many people in their time. Leonardo's experiments often led him into the domain of natural magic; but no one can be more outspoken than he is in his notes as to the folly of occultism. In this instance our author has set himself an easy task.

The illustrations vary much in quality. Several, of doubtful works, are excellent; while others, of paintings and drawings of unquestioned authenticity, are not nearly so good as the photographs from which they were probably taken. Several are reproduced in misleading colors or

are improperly described. Thus the original of the head opposite page 60, Vol. I., is in silver point on greenish paper: it is printed in red on buff. Plate VI. is printed in bistre: the original is again in silver point on greenish paper. The flowers on page 89, Vol. II., are columbines, not "campanula," as they are called in the catalogue. The "flowers" on page 92 are raspberries. The "Bacchus," Plate XX., is crowned with ivy, not "vine leaves." The work is not "definitive" in any particular; but it gives a summary and generally a fair view of some of the many questions that still occupy critics and archaeologists in relation to Leonardo and his works.

Mr. Walter Armstrong, the well-known curator of the Irish National Gallery, agreeably mingles anecdote, criticism, and description, and shows a proper enthusiasm for his subject in his book just published on "Gainsborough and his Place in English Art" (2). As he desires to end by claiming for his hero the first place among the artists of the eighteenth century, he begins with a discourse on the nature of art which supports that view. Gainsborough's qualities are largely superficial, and Mr. Armstrong maintains that art has to do with little but the senses. He is eloquent on the direct emotional value and character of lines, colors, lights, and surfaces apart from the bodies to which they pertain; this leads to a disquisition on "handling" as the principal element in style, and we are thus led to a point where we are expected to see that Gainsborough's loose and somewhat empty though vivacious touch in his later pictures is the very acme of art. It is hardly necessary to say that "handling" is only one element of painting; or that, if Gainsborough is to be judged by it, he is inferior, if not to Reynolds and Romney, at any rate to Watteau and Fragonard.

Mr. Armstrong soon claims other and more spiritual qualities for the school which he champions,—the qualities of unity, elegance, and sincerity; but he insists upon the sensuousness of eighteenth-century English painting as that which most distinguishes it from contemporary French and German work. We fear that he has been unconsciously affected by that mass of "broad" but empty, and "sincere" but vulgar painting which he sets aside as unworthy of being taken into account. The qualities which we admire in the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Constable are precisely those which they learned from their greater predecessors, Dutch and Italian, and even French, and not the supremely practical qualities of the English race. Mr. Armstrong, we notice, uses the term "Anglo-Saxon" instead of English; but what he means is what is generally called "British"; for he opposes his Anglo-Saxon to the Teuton as much as to the Celt.

The under-stratum of Gainsborough's character shows in his portrait, cold of eye and heavy of jaw, and in his letters, where he affects the liveliness and the license of Sterne, but too often falls into mere coarseness. But little of this appears in his pictures. Our author shows what a considerable share his first master, Gravelot, must have had on the direction of his talent. There are many amusing anecdotes of the odd situations into which his hero was led by his exuberant animal spirits, and of his sometimes more than dubious acquaintances, such as the notorious Dr. Graham and his fair partner, Emma Lyon, who, our author thinks, posed for the picture of "Musidora." A number of his letters to Garrick and to Jackson are given which are lively if not always improving reading.

On the whole, Mr. Armstrong has produced a very readable and very suggestive book. It is splendidly illustrated with photogravures and lithographs of superior merit. French plate-printers will have to

look to their laurels and to stop cheapening their work, or the English will leave them behind, and will secure by good work at a good price that international market which is now controlled by the former. Among the most beautiful of these plates are the portraits of Garrick, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mrs. Siddons, the Earl of Romney and his sisters, Gainsborough Dupont, the painter's nephew, and Mrs. Norton. The lithographs, after sketches in chalk and pastel, are really artistic.

The War with Spain

1. *A Gunner Aboard the "Yankee."* Edited by H. H. Lewis, late U.S.N. Doubleday & McClure Co.
2. *The Santiago Campaign.* By Major-General Joseph Wheeler. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
3. *Cannon and Camera.* By John C. Hemment. D. Appleton & Co.

A VERY entertaining book (1) for boys. It is full of life and fun; with enough of the stern realities of war to give it a relish. Some of the pages are redolent of sulphur and saltpetre and resound with the din of battle. Boys of a larger growth who belong to, or are in any way, even remotely, concerned with, the Naval Reserves will find it particularly interesting.

The narrative is taken from "the diary of No. 5 of the after-port gun." The after-port gun is known as No. 8. The story is told in the first person by a member of the crew of No. 8; but whether the narrator himself is No. 5 is not quite clear. The crew of the *Yankee* was made up of representatives of nearly every walk of civil life, and of such as were accustomed to the peaceful pursuits of the city and town. The sudden change from domestic ease and the comforts of home to the life of a 'foremast hand on board a man-of-war was a severe, and, as the event proved, a successful test of the adaptability of the American character. "It proved," says Admiral Sampson in the introduction, "that the average American, whether he be clerk or physician, broker, lawyer, or merchant, can on the spur of the moment prove a capable fighter for his country even amid such strange surroundings as obtain in the naval service." That the crew thus composed "have made the name of their ship a household word throughout the country" is an assumption slightly suggestive of Æsop's fly on the wheel.

The illustrations, of which there are some thirty-eight, are excellent, but the colored plate, page 80, giving the "official flags and pennants," omits the flag of the Secretary of the Navy, and gives a square flag for a commodore instead of a broad pennant.

This is an important addition (2) to the already abundant literature of the Spanish War. The author—an educated soldier—graduated from West Point in 1859, and was assigned to the cavalry. He resigned in 1861, and in '62 was in command of a corps of cavalry of the Confederate Army of the West. He was an active cavalry officer throughout the Civil War. At the close of the war he retired to his plantation. But, entering political life, he was elected to the 47th Congress, where he has served continuously up to the present time. His appointment by President McKinley as Major-General, an account of which is given in the opening of the first chapter, was a graceful compliment to the South. What was more to the point, it was good politics. His assignment to the command of the cavalry in the Santiago campaign was a recognition of his ability as a leader of that arm of the public service.

The book is divided into two parts. The first is entitled "The Campaign," which is thus briefly summarized in the first seven lines: "The initial campaign of the Spanish War is over. The surrender of

the eastern province of Santiago, together with all their forts and twenty-three thousand Spanish soldiers, is completed, and the flag of our country floats over the palace of an historic city three hundred and eighty-two years old." The embarkation for Cuba, the landing at Daiquiri, the battles, the proposal of General Toral for surrender, and the final agreement on the terms of capitulation are all told with soldierly brevity, and were it not for the liberal extracts from newspaper articles the story could have been comprised in a hundred pages. The volunteers receive due credit for devotion to the cause of their country. But truth impels the author to say that "in effectiveness in battle they could not be expected to be equal to the trained soldiers." High praise is bestowed upon the rich young Americans in the ranks. In fact the author finds something to commend in almost everyone with whom he is thrown in contact. The account beginning with the first overtures for a cessation of hostilities (Chapter X.) is exceedingly interesting, particularly the conversations between the Spanish commissioners and those acting on the part of the Americans, the author being one of the latter. Fortunately, General Wheeler had at these conferences the services of a skilful stenographer in the person of Mr. Leonard Wilson, who made full notes of all that transpired. These conversations, together with the terms of the capitulation, as finally agreed upon, will be of real service to the future historian of the war. Part II. is entitled "Despatches in the Field," which sufficiently indicates the character of the contents.

The book is disappointing from the fact that it does not discuss the various operations from the standpoint of a military critic. It does not show how the principles of strategy and tactics were illustrated and exemplified, and how the accepted rules of the art of war were observed. It is just possible that in this very omission the generalship of the campaign finds its severest condemnation! It was a soldier's campaign throughout.

Mr. Hemment, in his brief preface to "Cannon and Camera" (3), states that he is "more familiar with the camera than with the pen." It is to this fact, perhaps, that we are indebted for his clear and straightforward way of saying what he has to say, without striving for effect. The text is quite worthy of the illustrations—of which there are some seventy-five—and these are admirable. Starting with the blowing up of the *Maine*, with which ship and her officers and crew the author seems to have been familiar, we are carried through the active operations of the entire war, ending at Camp Wikoff.

Mr. Hemment's manner of looking at everything in sight is quite original, and his descriptions graphic. When to these he adds his many excellent illustrations, the product is a book well worth reading. It throws some interesting side-lights upon the history of the war. Consciously or unconsciously (the latter, we take it), the author, in the ardor of his pursuit of subjects worthy of a war photographer, has exhibited himself quite as much of a hero as many who carried the Kräg-Jorgensen.

"A History of the People of the Netherlands"

By *Petrus Johannes Blok, Ph.D.* Translated by *Oscar A. Bierstadt and Ruth Putnam. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

HOLLAND achieved her place in the history of the world and rendered her memorable services to human progress and enlightenment within a period of just two hundred years, embracing the Eighty Years'

War for political and religious liberty and the reign of William III. of England, who curbed France and successfully defended the tenet of the "balance of power" in Europe, first brought forward by Henry VIII. These two centuries belong to the history of the world; what preceded them, and what followed, is to a certain extent local. Therefore Motley and Thorold Rogers, Duncan Campbell and other English and American students of Dutch history gave their full attention to this period, and only incidentally referred to what led up to it and what followed in its wake. But during the years from the accession of Philip II. of Spain to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Holland rendered services that made all the modern world her debtor, and gave her a place beside ancient Greece as a defender of liberty and a mother of civilization.

As Professor Blok remarks, however, every period of history is a "period of transition"; nothing "happens." Cause and result are closely interwoven throughout the ages. Therefore the mediæval period in Holland must be studied, if one is to understand the struggle against Spain, and, above all, the spirit that inspired it. This spirit, strange to say, was born and waxed strong in the southern Netherlands, rather than in the north; and it was fostered by the tradesmen—the guilds—who there, more than anywhere else in Europe in the Middle Ages, grew to power and shaped the policies of their rulers and nobility. Without Jacques van Artevelde, the lifework of William of Orange would have been far harder of accomplishment; and the great burgher of Ghent was but the child of the trade of mediæval Flanders. It is strange, therefore, that in the final struggle Belgium, which had done so much to prepare the way—which, indeed, was the pioneer of the modern movement in the Netherlands,—deserted the cause, and meekly submitted to her Spanish oppressors. History, however, has chronicled the reasons for this disastrous acquiescence, from whose effects the southern Netherlands were not to recover until the second half of the present century. Alva's mission did certainly not end in failure, so far as these provinces were concerned. He crushed their spirit, their love of liberty, and the treacherous Flemish nobles aided him and his successors for the sake of material gain. It is the growth of the middle classes of the Netherlands in wealth and power that forms the most important episode of the present volume; but, according to his own dictum, the author has so closely knit together the successive "periods of transition," that the reader cannot well afford to start anywhere but at the beginning, if he wishes to have a complete understanding of Dutch history.

That history may be said to begin with the appearance of Cæsar and his legions on the banks of the Rhine. The Batavians, the Germanic race traditionally though incorrectly supposed to be the forbears of the Hollanders, were not conquered by the Romans, but concluded treaties with them, and served with great distinction in their armies. Gradually, however, the southern ally became an oppressor, and they rose, under Claudius Civilis, a Batavian but also a *civis Romanus*, and under Brinix, the head of their allies and neighbors, the Caninefates. Tacitus has preserved the record of this earliest war against oppression in the Low Countries, but its conclusion is lost in the missing volumes of his great history. Through the Dark and the Middle Ages Professor Blok traces the evolution of the Hollander to the beginning of the modern era; he sketches the turbulent history of the small feudal states in the north and the south, and closes his first volume with the beginning of the fifteenth century and the accession to power of the house

of Burgundy. Throughout this century the Hollander and the Fleming continued to increase in wealth and power: trade and the herring fishery laid the financial foundations for the coming struggle, and formed the nucleus around which the navy of the Dutch Republic was to grow. The spirit which finally flamed up and conquered was kept alive and strengthened by the oppression of Charles the Bold and the cruelty of his reprisals: the seed had been sown, and was being nursed by its very enemies, the rulers and their nobles. But of this Professor Blok will tell us in his second volume.

It may not be amiss to add here a few words regarding the work as a whole. Its scheme is that followed by Green and McMaster: it combines the "history of past politics" with a survey of the character, status, customs, and development of the people—in fact, the social side of history is insisted upon with greater strength than the political, according to modern methods. The author's status as Professor of Dutch History in the University of Leyden sufficiently indicates his fitness for his task; and the translation of the first volume is well and conscientiously done. It is from the pen of Mr. Oscar A. Bierstadt of the Astor Library. The translation of the remaining three (or possibly four) volumes will be the work of Miss Ruth Putnam, the author of the well-known life of William the Silent. Professor Blok himself has suggested certain abbreviations of the political narrative in the English version, and consequently the present volume contains the whole of the first and six chapters of the second volume of the original Dutch edition.

This is the first complete history of Holland, from the earliest days to the present time, to appear in English, and as such it deserves a hearty welcome. It is the work of an eminent historian, trained in the best schools, and fully equipped at every point for his great task. His first volume gives a clear outline of his method and scope, and indicates that this will not merely be the only work on the subject in English, but probably also one of the best, if not the very best, as it certainly is the latest, history of the Dutch people in their own language.

"Chitrál, the Story of a Minor Siege"

By Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE British soldier in India has but one rule—to attack. The words of Captain Baird, who died at Chitrál, "When you meet an Asiatic, go for him," sum up his military creed. Occasionally, however, the Asiatic gets in the first blow, and, if he happens to be, as he usually is, a Pathán or an Afghan, it is a hard one. It may be a considerable British force that is thrown upon the defensive, as at Sherpur; more often it is a small detachment isolated in some mountain pass or valley, as at Chitrál. The later military episode is famous even in the brilliant annals of Indian frontier warfare. Everyone who had a part in it seems to have played the hero, and each phase of the siege and the relief has its own peculiar interest. It is hard, indeed, to tell which of the various acts of the drama is the most full of stirring incidents—the determined defense of the Chitrál fort, the desperate struggle of the little relief party at Reshun, the annihilation of Ross's command in the Korágh defile, or the wonderful march of Kelly's column from Gupis. In the narrative of Sir George Robertson, at least, they are all described so well and so sympathetically that each in turn seems the true theme of the story. As British Agent at Chitrál he played a leading rôle in the siege, and his account of the defense and the relief is the most

complete and authoritative that has been written. Each move in the campaign is skilfully and graphically recounted, in a clear and vigorous style, and with a narrative power which leaves in the mind of the reader a distinct and vivid picture of the whole, with its romantic setting of wild mountains and savage tribes.

From a military point of view the chapters that deal with the siege are the most instructive. The tactics employed in Indian border fighting are, as has been said, so generally of the offensive type that any instance of purely defensive action is worth studying. Apart from this fact, however, the defense of the Chitrál fort is intrinsically notable as a military event, and it has recently been selected by Major Young-husband, in his volume on "Indian Frontier Warfare," as an admirable illustration of the successful management of such defensive operations. It is, as he says, "a fine example of a defense carried out under the most disadvantageous conditions that it would be possible to find." Sir George Robertson's account of it is likely to strengthen the good opinion of the conduct of the affair thus expressed by expert critics. Indeed, the simple fact that three hundred and forty native soldiers, not all of the best quality, cooped up in an antiquated fort after a brilliant but unsuccessful, and therefore demoralizing, attempt to check the advance of swarms of tribesmen, were kept well in hand by their British officers for over forty days, repelling continual attacks, fighting fire, and finally frustrating an attempt to mine by a desperate sortie—speaks for itself. It must be remembered also, to the credit of the garrison, that the Pathán attacked and the Pathán attacking are two distinct individuals. He has in either case plenty of courage, is often well armed, shoots straight, and knows a good defensive position when he sees it.

If the story of the siege will most attract the military expert, the lay reader will probably remember longest the picture of the bloody polo-ground at Reshun flanked by its row of huts—the scene of a typical exhibition of British courage and Pathán treachery. The details of this struggle, as Sir George Robertson recounts them, remind one constantly of similar desperate fighting on our own frontier. A party of sixty fighting men with a convoy of ammunition, sent down from Mastuj to Chitrál, found its way blocked at Reshun by a large party of Patháns and fortified itself in those huts. Here for several days they defended themselves superbly, inflicting great loss upon the enemy and holding him successfully at bay—one against a hundred. A trick won where force failed. The British officers, Lieutenants Edwardes and Fowler, were told that peace was being negotiated at Chitrál, and a truce was offered and accepted. Hesitating to show distrust they also accepted an invitation from the chiefs to witness a game of polo, stationing themselves, as they supposed, under the cover of the guns of their men. After the game came a native dance.

"The officers had stood up, meaning to go; but when they agreed to stay a little longer their seat was pushed somewhat nearer to the end of the wall, on the excuse of avoiding a puddy patch. This was done cleverly and naturally. In minor duplicities of that kind Chitrális act their part to perfection. Muhammed Isa now placed himself between Edwardes and Fowler to watch the posturing and gyrating dancers. As the latter became more and more fervid, the spectators from the other side drew nearer and nearer, and Fowler noticed that many were coming over the prohibited wall. He jumped up and told Edwardes it was time to go, whereat Muhammed Isa, who is a tall, powerful man, threw an arm round each of the officers, who were at once hurled to the ground by a dozen helpers, and quickly dragged under the wall which hid them from their own men, there to be securely bound hand and foot. At the instant they were seized a volley rang out from the fort, and an overwhelming rush was made against it from all sides. . . . The slaughter was great. About a dozen were

made prisoners,—all of them Muhammedans, with three exceptions,—the rest were killed; but the losses of the attackers are said to have been astounding, although it was not until the following day, or even later, that their full extent was realized.

The introductory chapters give a lucid account of the complicated political events which brought about the Chitrál campaign and a delightful characterization of the bloodthirsty and treacherous but light-hearted and companionable Chitráli. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of photographs of the officers who took part in the campaign and of the scenes of its events. There are also excellent maps.

"The Land of Contrasts"

By James Fullarton Muirhead. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

MR. MUIRHEAD visited this country several times between the years 1888-1898, while gathering the necessary material and information for "Baedeker's Handbook of the United States," of which he is the author. The title of the second work resulting from his sojourns among us plainly indicates the impression we made upon him. On the other hand, the impression left in our minds by his pages is that of a thorough understanding on his part of our characteristics, manners, and conditions, and a happy gift of interpreting them to such of his own countrymen as have not crossed the ocean and studied us. Not the least important among the signs pointing to Mr. Muirhead's comprehension of men, women, and things American, is his appreciation of Mr. Henry James's observations thereon, and of the photographically exact novels of Mr. Howells. Moreover, he did not fall into M. Bourget's error of considering Newport as typical of America: he has studied us in the mass, and consequently learned that, while we are Anglo-Saxon in speech and more or less so in blood, we are Continental in manners, with this difference, of course, that the feeling of equality is rooted in the many, is an integral part of their thoughts and actions. It is but natural that he should have observed the deplorable tendency of a certain part of us, at the bottom of our industrial and commercial system, to assert this equality by insolence:—

"Almost the only field in which the Americans struck me as showing anything like servility was in their treatment of such mighty potentates as railway conductors, hotel clerks, and policemen."

He might have added that we meekly submit to the impertinence of shop girls in our big "stores," and aided us, perhaps, in solving the mystery of the rudeness of a class of women who pride themselves, above all else, upon being "ladylike" and "genteel."

The American woman receives, of course, her due share of attention in these pages, for whereas

"observers have usually found it possible to write books on the social and economical traits of other countries without a parade of petticoats in the headlines, . . . the writer on the United States seems irresistibly compelled to give women all that coordinate importance which is implied by the prominence of capital letters and separate chapters."

Yet Mr. Muirhead very justly sees that this prominence is not by any means a phase of the "woman question." It has "no direct reference to the woman as voter, as doctor, as lawyer, as the competitor of man; the subject of interest is woman as woman." He shows that her interference in public affairs is much smaller in reality than it is believed to be in Europe, and then proceeds to study her individually—*das Ding an sich*, in German philosophical parlance; if, indeed, the word

"thing" can be applied to the American woman at all in a philosophical sense. It would take us too long to epitomize the results of Mr. Muirhead's study; but it seems to us just and remarkably keen.

We must pass the chapter on children, in which the author expresses gently the old wonder at the fact that such objectionable youngsters can grow into such pleasant men and women, and turn to his remarks on "Certain Features of Certain Cities." In the first place, architecture struck him as "perhaps the one art in which America could reasonably claim to be on a par with, if not ahead of, any European country whatsoever." He found much more similarity between New York and Chicago than between New York and Boston.

"In both New York and Chicago the prevailing note is that of wealth and commerce, the dominant social impression one of boundless material luxury. In Boston mere wealth, even in these degenerate days, does not seem to play so important a part. The names one constantly hears or sees in New York are names like Astor, Vanderbilt, Gould, and Bradley-Martin. In Boston, the prominent public names are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Walker, Edward Everett Hale," etc.

The residences in Chicago, on the Lake Shore Drive, the Michigan Boulevard, or the Drexel Boulevard, "are as varied in style as the brown-stone mansions of New York are monotonous." And in Boston, the temple of American culture, the "most cultivated graduates" speak of "Herbert Spencer's *Datar of Ethics*." The Land of Contrasts again! San Francisco appealed strongly to Mr. Muirhead through the picturesque variety of its life, and Washington he regards as "one of the most singularly handsome cities in the world."

In this rapid review we have touched upon but a few of the author's many observations. He discusses our literature and our journalism, our sports and amusements, international misapprehensions and national differences, our system of checking baggage, which he praises unqualifiedly, and our telegraphs, especially the Western Union Company, with its 21,000 offices and 750,000 miles of wire. "In this, however, as in many other cases, size does not necessarily connote quality. My experiences *may* have been exceptional." We can assure Mr. Muirhead that the three instances he gives of tardy delivery of telegrams were not exceptional at all. In conclusion, Mr. Muirhead holds that the

"so-called uniformity and monotony of American life exist in appearance much more than in reality. . . . A single glance at the enormous number of *intelligent* faces one sees in American society, or even in an American street, is enough to dissipate the idea that this can be a country of greater monotony than, say, England, where expressionless faces are by no means uncommon, even in the best circles. America is more monotonous than England, if a more equitable distribution of material comforts be monotonous; it is not so, if the question be of originality of character and susceptibility to ideas."

"A Book for the Porcelain Collector"

By W. G. Gulland. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THERE are several handbooks which aim to give general information likely to be useful or interesting to collectors of porcelain; but most of these are too summary to be of much use in classifying a collection, and more important books, like that of M. Grandidier, are too costly to become of general utility as works of reference. Mr. W. G. Gulland has, therefore, performed a useful work in bringing into the compass of a handy volume much of what the collector needs to know. He has provided a short chronology covering the period from the Sung dynasty (960-1127) down, a chapter on shapes with many illustrations, others

on marks and emblems, on mythological and other subjects of the decorator, and, at the end, has some good suggestions on "Decorating with China." He goes a little out of the usual course in incorporating in his book passages from books of travel and descriptions of social life in China which may aid the reader to understand many of the ordinary motives found on blue, red, white, and "famille verte" vases, and he gives an abundance of illustrations in half-tone, which are not as well printed as they might be.

Chinese porcelains, like all other works of art, should be classified by styles, with reference to the periods in which these styles were invented and brought to perfection. This is the system followed by Chinese authorities and by M. Grandidier, whose book is included in the short list of authorities prefixed by our author to his volume. Yet he returns to the classification by colors invented by Jacquemart as a merely temporary expedient. It is true that the determination of the age of a piece is full of difficulty owing to the constant practice of the Chinese of imitating their ancient pieces, and of repeating, or, as we would say, forging, marks, without regard to the style or quality of the piece. But close study of paste and glaze, subjects, pigments, and style of drawing may place a man in position to tell with a high degree of certainty the age of most specimens closely enough to place them in one or other of M. Grandidier's four principal divisions, corresponding in our author's chronological table to the Sung and Yuan dynasties, the Ming dynasty, and the two important divisions of the Tsing—the Kang-he (Kang-hsi) period, 1661-1722, and the Yung-ching, Kien-lung period, 1723-1795. The manufactures of the present century are in so little esteem that they need hardly be mentioned. We are not confined, as Mr. Gulland seems to suppose, to the Dresden collection for authentic examples of the Kang-hsi and Ming periods, for specimens from Japanese and Chinese collections of repute have found their way into our market in sufficient numbers to furnish a standard of comparison. Still, for the practical purpose of arranging a small collection to please the eye, which is the main thing to be studied, the fact that "the various classes so run into one another that it is difficult sometimes to decide to which section certain pieces should belong" need not greatly trouble the amateur.

About one third of the book is devoted to the subjects, emblems, etc., figured on decorated porcelains. Unfortunately, much of the information imparted consists only of references to Chinese tales and histories of which we have no English translation, and which are evidently unknown except by name to our author. In regard to the more ordinary emblems—plants, animals, and religious subjects—he is more satisfactory, and it is something that the importance of this line of investigation should be recognized. On the whole, though it leaves much to be desired, the book is a distinct improvement upon other manuals of its kind.

"The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam"

By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., etc. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

CAPTAIN BURTON was certainly unfortunate in his literary executors. His widow burned the manuscript of the work to which he had devoted the later years of his life, because she thought it immoral; and his present editor, out of "discretion," suppresses the only portion of the author's essay on "The Jew" which was based on original obser-

vation. This refers to the alleged rite of sacrificing Christian children among the Oriental Jews, and the murder of Father Tomaso at Damascus in 1840, which was attributed to them. Apparently this suppression was due to the desire of the editor not to offend Jewish readers; but as in the published essay (pp. 120-129) these and a long list of other murderous acts are directly charged to the "sacred nation," the hesitation seems to be out of place. The essay, as it stands, does not contain the results of personal investigation, as we are led to expect in the editor's introduction. All of it could have been written after studying the encyclopædias and the French translation of the Talmud, which the author frequently quotes. His tone is decidedly anti-Semitic, and he points out with abundant citations the spirit of hatred toward the Gentiles which inspires the oral law. No doubt this is all true. The Jewish religion is and always has been strictly "tribal," never universal, nor did its votaries wish it to become a "world-religion." Hence we see in it the dualism of ethics visible in every tribal faith, preaching love and aid to those of the kinship, hatred and injury to all not of its line, the latter just as much religious duties as the former. The enlightened modern Hebrew is, of course, educated to nobler conceptions, but not so those of his race in the Orient, and still less the ancient doctors whose words of wisdom are preserved in the Talmud.

The essay on "The Gypsy" is principally taken up with a long discussion on the origin of this vagrant folk, and the defense of Captain Burton's claim for priority in tracing them to the Tat peoples of northwestern India. A French writer, M. Bataillard, asserted that he first advanced this theory, and Burton vigorously attacked him on this ground. "The Gypsy," however, is disappointing. It contains little of Burton's own observation, although he is reputed to have been intimate with the life and customs of their clans. The discussion of their origin has now little interest, as ethnologists have not accepted the theory which the author so strenuously advocated. The linguistic material which we should expect to find abundant is both scanty and of doubtful value.

The third paper in the volume is an effort to present El Islam as a religion of real grandeur, capable of elevating the human soul, inspiring its votaries with lofty moral ideals, and leading them to lives of purity and godliness. That Mohammedanism, like all other great religions, contains many elements of that universal faith in the divine which is one of the most powerful levers for man's uplifting, none will deny who has studied its doctrines. But that its general influence on historical nations has proved or now does prove at all equal to that of Christianity cannot be maintained by any unbiased mind.

Bismarckiana

1. *Bismarck and German Unity: An Historical Outline.* By Munroe Smith. The Macmillan Co.
2. *Bismarck: His Life and Times.* By Ferdinand Sonnenberg. Translated by Ida L. Saxton and Grace H. Webb. F. Tennyson Neely.

PROFESSOR SMITH'S monograph on Bismarck, originally published in *The Evening Post* at the time of his death, is a model of condensation. It does justice to each of the great statesman's many intricate moves on the chess-boards of international and German politics, weighs his importance and influence in the world's history since the middle of this century, and gives a rounded survey of the man and his work. It is complete in itself, and he who masters all its facts and accepts its opinions may consider himself well grounded in the career of one of the

two or three of his contemporaries who may be said to have achieved immortality. In his preface the author states his belief that his "summary will be useful to those who are too busy to read many thick books, and to those who wish a more sharply outlined impression than is readily obtained from a mass of details"; but it will be found most valuable as a guide by him who wishes to enter upon a systematic study of the founding of the German Empire. With its aid he will penetrate much more readily to the heart of European history during the last half-century, and succeed much more easily in classifying events and valuing them properly, and in mastering the "masses of detail." On the other hand, he who begins with the "thick books" and labors through them to the end will find in Professor Smith's summary a glass through which to focus all his scattered information, and to combine it into one harmonious whole. The sketch has been left practically as it first appeared, with but few additions: it could, indeed, hardly have been improved by revision. Its usefulness has been increased by a handy marginal index, and it is prefaced with a portrait. It bears the stamp of finality; it is the work of a student who has not allowed his personal admiration to obscure the clearness of his historical judgment.

Herr Sonnenberg's book (2) is the first "popular" life of Bismarck to be translated. It is a summary, without pretense of deep scholarship or original research, of Bismarck's life from infancy to the day of his death, and of all the events and incidents of his public and private life. The inward facts of his dismissal from office by William II. are ignored, probably for reasons of prudence in these days of prosecution for *lese-majesté*, but there is a translation of the full text of Bismarck's letter of resignation to the Emperor, first made public on August 1st of this year. The book contains a portrait and some illustrations.

New Books and New Editions

FROM the general style of "The Hero of Lake Erie," we judge the author to be not wholly unfamiliar with nautical affairs. The book is about one of the very best of the "Young Heroes of our Navy" Series, and that is surely high praise. The author, Mr. James Barnes, is either a deep-water sailor himself, or he has inherited the instincts of a race of sailors. In weaving together historic facts on a filling of fiction, Mr. Barnes has adhered to the sober realities, without drawing too much upon his imagination. This makes the story a real help to the young readers for whom it is intended. At the same time the narrator imparts a saline flavor to the tale that betrays a familiar acquaintance with the gray rocks on the shore, the kelp, and the sounding sea. The account of the battle of Lake Erie is well told, with just enough of the details thrown in to make it terribly realistic. Years after the fight, Mr. Barnes tells us (page 91), "there was started a newspaper controversy that developed great bitterness of feeling between the personal friends of Master Commandant Elliot and those of Perry." Elliot was accused of rendering his chief indifferent support. Let us hope that in this regard history will not repeat itself in the records of the late Spanish War. In Chapters XII. and XIII. we have an account of the operations of the British fleet in the Chesapeake. Here we are introduced to Commodore Rodgers (misspelled *Rogers*, by the way), and are treated to the style of conversation befitting the times. This, with an occasional lapse, is very good. "Interviewed," for example, page 130, and "methinks," page 131, are words which scarcely belong to the same period. (D. Appleton & Co.)



OF Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's stories and plays collected under the title of "Tattle-tales of Cupid," perhaps the best is "His Version of I," reprinted, with permission,

from the *Century Magazine*. It is an account of "the Major's" wooing by the Major's horse, who claims to have taken a decisive part in the business. "A Warning to Lovers," "Sauce for the Goose," and "The Cortelyou Feud" are light and amusing stories; and the two "plays," "The Best-Laid Plans" and "Man Proposes," are roaring farces. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—It is difficult to import a new interest into a discussion of the history of European architecture. But, in "The Column and the Arch," Mr. Ernest Longfellow succeeds in making a well-worn theme attractive, although (or, perhaps, because) he attempts to pass over the Gothic period as a mere episode. His opening chapters on Egyptian and Græco-Roman architecture are rather perfunctory; but in the latter the principles on which he proceeds throughout the remainder of the book appear in his effort to treat Roman architecture, with its brute masses of pier and vault and its borrowed and ill-fitting outer garment, as a consistent if not a logical style. The Renaissance took up again this attempt to combine superficially two distinct modes of building, but with a much finer taste in ornament and proportion than the Roman builders had possessed. Suppressing as much as possible all discussion of the final result of the study of thrust and counterthrust in Byzantine domes and Gothic vaults, Mr. Longfellow seeks to make it appear that the round arch, the broad wall, and the Greek order, or something like it used as decoration, compose the most satisfactory of styles,—the Romanesque before it developed into the Gothic and the Renaissance before it degenerated into the baroque. In this he is upheld by the practice of most modern architects, who, especially in this country, have turned to the two styles named because they are tired of Gothic and do not know what to do with Greek. But these are merely makeshifts. If our present system of building stands the test of time, a new style will doubtless be evolved. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that even Michael Angelo, as Mr. Longfellow somewhat reluctantly points out, found himself compelled to make use of Gothic methods in planning his great dome. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)



THE second volume of the Murray edition of "Byron's Letters and Journals," edited by Mr. R. E. Prothero, is as rich in matter hitherto unpublished as the first volume was. It covers the period from August, 1811, to April, 1814, between which dates the poet published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," "The Waltz," "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and the "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte." Out of the 388 letters in the two volumes, 220 have been printed from the originals, and the old ones have been collated, as far as possible, with the original letters. It appears that of the earlier editors Moore allowed himself unusual liberties, omitting passages, transferring parts of one letter to another, printing two letters as one, dividing one into two, etc. Fortunately the originals of the majority of these letters are in the possession or control of Murray, and they are now for the first time printed as they were written. Many of the letters refer to changes in the reading of the poems, and to other matters of much interest to the student of the poet's works. Passages have also been restored from Byron's manuscript notes; and some of Sir Walter Scott's comments appear in print for the first time. An appendix contains a collection of the attacks made upon Byron in the Tory press for February and March, 1814, which led him for the time to giving up his literary work. (Imported by the Scribners.)—A NEW edition of Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy" in seven volumes and of "Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece" in one brings the most important work of this writer before us in a handy form and one that is worthy of preservation. Portraits of the author are prefixed to the first volume on "The Catholic Reaction" and to that on "The Age of the Despots." (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)



SIR WALTER BESANT'S "South London" will need no commendation for those who have read the earlier volumes, "London" and "Westminster." Like those it is

rich in historical and antiquarian lore, connected with the Surrey side of the Thames, from the time when that portion of the metropolis was an extensive marsh protected from the overflow of the tides by an embankment joined to the Dover road by a causeway, and occupied from time immemorial by a colony of fishermen. Later two or three religious establishments were built there, with several palaces of bishops and abbots; and later still it became filled with dwellings, inns, shops, and the famous playhouses associated with Shakespeare and his fellows. The book is copiously and attractively illustrated, the frontispiece being a fine etching of St. Saviour's Church, now the glory of Southwark and one of the most interesting remains of ancient London. Lambeth Palace, the Globe Theatre, the Bear Garden, the White Hart Inn, The Tabard, whence Chaucer's pilgrims started for Canterbury, Dulwich College, and Vauxhall Gardens are among the hundreds of other illustrations, many of which are from old prints and far superior to the ordinary representations of the ancient edifices and localities. Altogether the volume is nowise inferior to its predecessors in the series. (Frederic A. Stokes Co.)—A very tall booklet of alternately rhyming verses and pictures in outline bound in green and edged in yellow is "Sun, Moon, and Stars," by E. Richardson. It is intended for children and is likely to please them. (John Lane.)—In "The New Gulliver" Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison adds a fancy of his own to what Swift, Rousseau, Marsh, Keats, the author of Ecclesiastes, Erasmus, Carlyle, and Walt Whitman have found to say on the similarity of men to beasts. His fable is entertaining, and is so printed as to be an improbable specimen of late nineteenth-century typography. (The Marion Press.)



In "Architecture among the Poets" Mr. H. Heathcote Statham presents in a permanent form, "rewritten, revised, and with considerable additions," the substance of a series of articles originally contributed to *The Builder*. The poets quoted are all English poets, from Chaucer on, and the author's conclusion is that, down to the present century, few show any such real knowledge of, or interest in, architecture, apart from its historical and poetical associations, as we find in Tennyson, Browning, and Morris. Chaucer (like all the mediæval bookmen, we should say) was really a Renaissance spirit before the Renaissance. As clerk of the works he probably understood the methods of construction in use in his time, but, as poet, he was all for the architecture of Rome and Byzantium, and if he makes Theseus build an "oratorie" to Diana, it is one of "alabaster white and red corall." He scarcely mentions the great Gothic piles that were a-building as he wrote. But is not Mr. Statham wrong in inferring that the people cared as little for the minsters and the abbeys which they helped to build? Chaucer followed an established literary tradition; the Gothic builder was an innovator. Each had his public, but it is likely that that of the latter was by far the more numerous. Again, where he remarks on the "absolute silence" of Shakespeare as to the existence of the great monastic churches, he forgets the line quoted by him a page back:

Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,

where the allusion is, evidently, to these very buildings. Pope shows some sense of architectural fitness and style in his poetic address to the Earl of Burlington and in the lines on "The Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock"; and Dyer's "Ruins of Rome" might almost have been written by an architect. But it is only in the poets of our own day, and principally in Browning, that one finds a real contemporaneous interest in the art. Bishop Blougram's attack on Pugin's "stucco-twiddlings" and the remarks on the jerry-building style bring us down to the present day with a vengeance. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)



"HISTORIC TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND," edited by Rev. Lyman P. Powell, is made up of historical and descriptive sketches of Portland, Rutland (Mass.), Salem, Boston, Cambridge, Concord, Plymouth, the Cape Cod Towns, Deerfield, Newport,

Providence, Hartford, and New Haven, each prepared by someone to the manner born or otherwise qualified to deal skilfully with the locality. Boston gets two papers—one on the modern city, by Col. Higginson, the other on the Revolutionary town, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Concord is described by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Cambridge by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot (son of the Harvard president), the Cape towns by Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College, and Newport by Susan Coolidge. We were puzzled at first, and doubtless nine out of ten of our readers will be, to find the little country town of Rutland in the list; but Mr. Edwin D. Mead, the editor of the *New England Magazine*, shows that it deserves the honor accorded to it. It was "the cradle of Ohio, the cradle of the West." It was a company of men from Rutland who, in 1787, began the actual settlement of Ohio, starting "the mighty movement which during the past century has extended New England through the great West." The story as told here is worth the price of the book; but the other chapters, if less novel, are all excellent in their way. The copious illustrations are well chosen and for the most part well executed; some of the reproductions of photographs of scenery are not entirely satisfactory. The book is handsomely printed, and may well be classed among those publications the interest and value of which are of a permanent character. (Putnams.)



OF the dragon that fought three rounds with St. George and then accompanied him to dinner and would not go home till morning; of the town whose walls were as of jasper; of the day of wrath which began with snuffles and a broken bootlace; and of the magic ring around which, like day and night, mounted appropriately on white and black chargers, course alternately Mesdemoiselles Coralie and Zephyrine,—of these and the like matters Mr. Kenneth Grahame discourseth gravely and learnedly in "Dream Days." His book stands upon its own merits, waving aside the adventitious aid of illustration,—not even the Bodley Head appears upon its title-page,—yet it will suggest endless pictures to any capable imagination of seven years old or thereabouts. We bespeak for it the attention of those who are supposed to direct the reading of persons of that age. (John Lane.)—It is strange, to say the least, that that edifying and entertaining little book, "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis," should not earlier have been translated into English. The translation now made by Abbey Langdon Alger succeeds in preserving much of the quaintness and the almost childlike graces of the original. The stories are of the essence of the Middle Ages, with their literal acceptance of the Christian teaching, their readiness to see a miracle in every casual occurrence, and to treat visions as more real than the outer reality. As for the desire of Francis and his companions to lift the individual to communion with the whole, that is what is essential in every religion, and it must be admitted that in these legends we are dealing with people entirely human, who have broadened out towards universality, not with weak and narrow pietists. The like examples every historic creed has to show; but none more engaging or more real than Brother Francis and his comrades. (Little, Brown & Co.)



WE once heard a man, who complained of the sameness of life, advised to stand on his head and view the world from that position. Mr. Charles M. Skinner, in "Do-Nothing Days," advocates a less radical plan. It is merely to try the cheap delight of lying supine in the grass, and watching the clouds for medicine. "You have not to swallow them, or wear them for plasters," he says; "look up, see how smoothly the white continents float," and let your thoughts float on with them. An excellent remedy for *le mal de briques*, and it costs nothing but time. But, alas! how few of us believe that we can spare the time. And yet, how much better off we should all be if everybody, like Mr. Skinner, learned to subsist on "Cheap Delights" with "A Few Dollars' Worth of Europe" every few years, and an occasional visit to "The Friendly Hills." These are the titles of some of his chapters. Others are "On

Green Mountain," "On Salt Water," "In the Desert," and "On the Roof." Suggestive titles; and their contents hint persuasively of many recondite modes of doing nothing. For instance, on the continent of Europe you need not change your linen: wear a flannel shirt. In England, when the Earl of Warwick's gate-keeper throws your penny fee in the mud and says "Damn!" don't pick it up again: he will do so, as soon as he thinks you are out of sight. Some years ago, you might have been taken for a dynamiter, and by simply not troubling to remove their suspicions, you might have had lots of fun with the detectives. Then, there is the pleasure of waiting, which made Mr. Micawber's life such a happy one; but it does not answer to wait for your pleasures, for to-morrow you grow old. If you are a woman and cannot afford point lace, go your ways to a field of wild carrot in blossom. If you are a naturalist, and cannot attain Simms's paradise at the North Pole, just lay in wait for moths and beetles under the electric light at a street corner. In short, if there is anything that you wish to do, learn to do without doing it; you will be so much the better off. Yet Mr. Skinner is strangely inconsistent. He does not like our suburbs, where, if anywhere, the promised future of blissful idleness is visibly on the way to greet us. It is a taste which will come with years. Never yet was there a citizen lover of the country who did not end by being captivated by the manifold and never-to-be-foreseen attractions that one meets on the way to those fields that are dusted with Paris green, to those woods in which tramps and bicyclers take their noon-day rest. Where can one study geology to such advantage as in a cutting or a sand-pit? The back lanes are full of the most robust weeds (destroyed by farmers), and of the most curious insects. But, for picturesque human nature, of every shade and grade,—for the wanderer from town brings there his own, and finds all others,—there is nowhere to compare with the suburbs of the Greater New York. "Do-Nothing Days" is prettily illustrated by Violet Oakley and Edward Stratton Holliday, and the woodbine twines in dark blue and gold on its cover. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)



IN "Clear Skies and Cloudy," and in all sorts of weather, Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott takes the key of the fields and locks himself in there, at home to no one but crows, rustics, and suchlike people. To correspondents and critics he devotes one day in the year, and when he gets through there is nothing left of them but smoke and ashes. In winter the frost-bound brook reminds him of that glorious time, the Great Ice Age, when the primeval savage chipped his flint in the shadow of a mighty glacier. Even now the chickadee and the nuthatch come to bathe their wigs in the smoke of his camp-fire; and pike swallows minnow, and mink lays in wait for pike, and that fine old savage, Nature, keeps on her ancient, murderous career. It is for this reason, perhaps, and a love of loneliness, that Dr. Abbott makes more of winter than of any other season. He practises the cult of desolation. The one red leaf, the last of its clan, consoles him for the loss of all the rest. The indubitable gray cloud is welcomed for its hypothetical silver lining. Sweet are the uses of the sharp east wind to the Carolina wren that sings in its teeth. And "it is infinitely better to be warmed by the arousing songs of a bird than to hover over the register of a stuffy room." Perhaps it is this last fact, after all, that accounts for the cult of outdoor desolation. It is more desolate within, owing to our modern improvements and the advances of civilization. Would any man leave a good, warm ingle-nook to go sit on a block of ice in a wintry swamp and meditate on the bones of beavers found in the ashes of Indian cooking-sites? But the register, or worse yet, the radiator,—who would not brave a blue, cold nose and frost-bitten ears to get away from them? It is true, too, that our naturalist permits himself some luxuries. He does not, to make up for his winter outings, stay indoors in summer. He loves to be up on a May morning as well as Her-rick; he takes shelter from a shower under his overturned boat; and he owns to a glass of currant wine on Christmas eve. For this last indulgence he has been taken to task by thirteen correspondents in a year; yet there are people who say that the Puritans

that shot down the dancers around their Maypole are all dead now. For our part, we promise, on next Christmas eve, to pledge our author in a bumper of the very headiest currant wine that we can get for love or money. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)



MR. CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS shares with his well-known brother the gift of story-telling, a not unpleasantly youthful attitude towards life. The things he sees and describes are true, but his angle of vision is not as yet that of mature men and women; these same characters and situations will assume quite a different aspect to him when he looks at them again years hence. However, this very youthfulness (we cannot be so unfair as to call it immaturity) is far from displeasing, and gives, in fact, these trifles the merit they possess. Most of them have appeared in the magazines, which is in itself a guarantee of a certain degree of value, and certainly of good workmanship, but why did the author include "Freak's Midsummer Night's Dream" in the collection? It is so markedly inferior to the others that to have omitted it would have been an act of wisdom. The two new stories that round out the book are fully up to the standard of the best it contains. These stories do not present life: they present its image as seen by the eyes of a young man. Therefore their audience must consist of their author's contemporaries, of both sexes, but principally girls, who will find in it their cherished healthful ideals of men, and a delightful dash of what they think the wickedness and disillusion of a wicked world. (H. S. Stone & Co.)



THE late William Morris's ways of concocting a romance and of decorating a book have evidently been only partly assimilated by Mr. Barrington McGregor, who has written the story of "King Longbeard, or Annals of the Golden Dreamland," and by Mr. Charles Robinson, who has furnished the illustrations. On the other hand these gentlemen introduce an element of humor which was lacking in their model. The illustrations are pretty and fanciful, and it is just probable that the vagaries of the author may be understood and appreciated by the up-to-date infant. (John Lane.)—MR. THEODORE F. WOLFE, M.D., Ph.D., points the way for some future writer to make a good book on the "Literary Haunts and Homes" of American authors, and more especially of those who in their time haunted Manhattan Island. "An opulence of material," he says, "collected during several years of exploration and research, has been condensed in the chapters entitled 'Literary Haunts of Manhattan.'" Condensed opulence suggests gems of style, and such these essays hardly are. Indeed we feel sure that had the author allowed himself more space he would have done better. But he manages to communicate much information about Irving, Halleck, Stedman, Poe, and many another writer known locally or to the world at large. The little volume is very well printed and bound and is even ornamented with good photogravures of Mr. Kipling's Brattleboro home, of Poe's cottage, of Bryant's Cedarmercere, and the house in which Walt Whitman was born. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)



MR. ERIC PAPE's illustrations to the new edition of General Lew Wallace's Mexican romance, "The Fair God," leave little to be desired, whether we regard them from an artistic or archæological standpoint. We do not need to be told that the artist must have studied Mexican and Central American remains very thoroughly; the numerous tailpieces and other little designs after fragments of old carvings, pottery, and wall paintings testify as to that. But the full-page designs reproduced in photogravures show, in addition, that he is able to make imaginative use of the material he has so industriously collected; and, considered simply as pictorial compositions, these must be reckoned his most successful works. They are well printed in inks of various colors, and the lesser designs throughout the two volumes are in red and black combined. The cover design shows the sunflower and the quetzal. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THE illustrations to "The House of the Seven Gables," by Maud and Genevieve Cowles, are in keeping with Hawthorne's delicate and precise manner in that wonder-

ful story. The method adopted by the artists, pen and ink outline and washes of India ink and Chinese white, is one that should be more often used in drawing for photo-engraving, but it requires time and calls for careful study. Such sketches of character as the "Customers of the Cent-Shop," and such French drawing as that of the elm in the frontispiece to Volume I., could be given in no other way short of mezzotint reinforced by etching. Accordingly, some of these illustrations will be reckoned as among the very few triumphs of the photogravure process, and the edition itself as the only one worth having for the sake of the illustrations. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Publications Received

Belles Lettres

- Apthorp, Wm. F. By the Way—About Musicians. Vols. I. and II. \$1.50 each. Copeland & Day.
 A. M. T. Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes. \$2.
 Aston, W. G. A History of Japanese Literature.
 Banks, Louis A. Anecdotes and Morals.
 Brain, Belle M. The Transformation of Hawaii. \$1.
 Briggs, Chas. A. Study of the Holy Scripture. \$3.
 Brooke, Stopford A. The Ship of the Soul. 50c.
 Count de Hamong (Cheiro). The Hand of Fate.
 Crooker, Rev. Joseph H. A Plea for Sincerity in Religious Thought. American Unitarian Assoc.
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo. The Superlative, and Other Essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Fay, Edwin W. The Rig-Veda Mantras in the Graya Sutras.
 Fernald, James C. The Imperial Republic. 75c.
 Foulke, Wm. D. Slav or Saxon.
 Gates, Lewis E. Three Studies in Literature. \$1.50.
 Griffiths, Major Arthur. Mysteries of Police and Crime. 2 vols. \$5.
 Hugo, Victor. Scenes de Voyages. (Ed. by Thos. B. Branson.) 85c.
 Hyslop, James H. Democracy, A Study of Government. \$1.50.
 James, Lewis G. Our Nation's Peril. Social Ideals and Social Progress.
 Jones, Henry Arthur. The Physician. 75c.
 Kropotkin, Prince. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. \$3.
 Ladd, George T. Essays on The Higher Education. \$1.
 Lala, Ramon R. The Philippine Islands. \$2.50.
 Lawyer, John. Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century.
 Lecky, Wm. E. H. Democracy and Liberty. 2 vols. \$5.
 Manila and the Philippine Islands.
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